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VICTOR EMMANUEL AT NAPLES.

THE reception of the King at Naples has for some time been regarded by the friends of Italy as a crucial experiment. If he had been coldly received, or if the populace of Naples had got up a demonstration against him, a handle would undoubtedly have been given to the common enemy. And the populace of Naples is of a kind to make it very easy to suppose that a demonstration adverse to good government and an open policy might be had almost for the asking. Although nothing as to the real state of Italy, or even of the Southern provinces, would have been proved by the wrath of the lazzaroni, yet a King who visits new provinces and is treated as an unwelcome stranger by the inhabitants of the capital holds a position, for the moment, which rather awkwardly contrasts with the title of election by universal suffrage. It was, therefore, a bold step in the King to go at this crisis openly to Naples, and to prove to the world that the Italian theory of Neapolitan disaffection is the true one. The Italians all agree that the Neapolitan populace is profoundly demoralized, and that the BOURBON Government has many of those servants and allies who are bought by five-franc pieces, or overawed by the terror of secret societies. There are also a considerable number of fine gentlemen, and still more of fine ladies, who think it good style to swear by the BOURBONS, and to vote VICTOR EMMANUEL and his Court vulgar. These people have lost the importance and the occupation of a Court of their own, and they strive, in a feeble way, to repair the loss by hatching impotent conspiracies, and console themselves for their present humiliation by an endless correspondence with ladies and gentlemen of their way of thinking throughout Europe. The Italians knew that this amount of disaffection existed, but they insisted that there was no more than this. They declared that the body of the country was in favour of the King's Government, that all men of honesty and character were his partisans, that the mass of the people were, at the worst, indifferent, and that the BOURBON agents were poor creatures who, when fairly challenged, would slink into a corner. So the KING has gone to Naples to test the truth, and it has turned out just as the Italians said it would. There has been a demonstration, but it has been entirely a loyal one; and a stranger might believe that VICTOR EMMANUEL was really popular and beloved in Naples. No one who knows Italy will pretend he is so, but at any rate his reception proves that there is no real opposition to his rule.

The present state of Naples is, in its way, creditable to human nature. Things are beginning to mend in the Southern provinces, and that there should have been even a latent capacity of amendment in the Two Sicilies is a matter of congratulation. Human nature cannot be degraded, as it cannot be exalted, beyond a certain point. The rule of the BOURBONS in Naples and the state of society which the Court maintained were as bad as anything ever seen on the earth. It was not that other Governments have not been quite as cruel and false and selfish, but no Government ever more wholly gave up all distinction between right and wrong. The Court of Naples did not so much violate as ignore the first principles that bind man to man; and the state of mind in which this is possible explains the apparent contradiction between the atrocity of the system and the preservation of some sort of good qualities in those who worked it. They really had no notion of their own demoralization. It did not occur to them as a strange thing, for example, that the very highest people in the State should be members of a society for secret assassination. The BOURBON Government lasted a great many years, and it flourished in a capital where the numbers being largely in excess of the call for labour, furnish an inexhaustible

supply of the tools of crime, and in a country where it is too hot to work very hard, and where there is no memory of a great past or traditions of great men to stimulate patriotism. And yet the Neapolitans have retained so much that is good as to make them desirous to stand well in the face of Europe at a time like this. They are not so demoralized but that they can understand that there is something better than a Court in league with spies and assassins. VICTOR EMMANUEL comes to them as the representative of a good average European Government, and they have sense and decency enough to wish not to be left out of the community of civilized nations. The condition of the Two Sicilies was not so bad that there was not a certain amount of intelligence and of political aspiration in the towns, and of sterling homely industry in the country. There was thus a basis for the introduction of a better Government, provided it came from without. The Court of Naples was utterly hopeless, but the Neapolitan people might be worth a better master. They have shown that they wish to be thought so. The towns know that the government of the King of ITALY means a new life to them—a life of animation, and money-making, and political gossip. The country people will soon begin to discover, or have discovered already, that it pays admirably to be the subjects of a Government that is obliged to develop the resources of Italy in order to justify its own existence; and between town people and country people there is no room for the BOURBON coterie and its cutthroats to make much of a figure.

Both the late and the present Ministers have done their utmost to let the Southern provinces feel the material benefits which the union of Italy brings with it. They have indeed not hesitated to give Naples more than its share, and lately other works of public utility have been thrown somewhat into the background, in order to push on the Neapolitan railways. The opening of the Ancona line last autumn brought the North of Italy down to a great Adriatic port, and to the neighbourhood of the Neapolitan frontier. There will soon be lines both on the northern and the southern shores of the province of Naples; and that on the North will offer, in its terminus at Brindisi, a point of departure for the Levant, Egypt, and India, which has this advantage in the competition of routes, that the land journey will be the longest, and the sea journey the shortest. The Neapolitans cannot fail to reap a good harvest from the construction of railways that will place them in communication with the rest of Europe. And when once the riches of a country like Italy begin to be worked, the process goes on as of itself in a thousand hidden channels. It is not merely that a line of railway is made. That might possibly have been some day constructed if the BOURBONS had stayed. But the Neapolitans now share in the general impulse towards material prosperity which is moving Italy as a whole. There is a new life agitating the country from the Alps to the remotest corner of Sicily, which awakens the energies and stimulates the enterprise of people who have hitherto only slumbered. Nothing is so conspicuous in North Italy at present as the air of happiness, of hope, of confidence in the future, of busy occupation, which is worn by the whole population. They are free, and are going to be rich, and man is so made that the consciousness of freedom and the anticipation of wealth are very pleasant to him. The Italians are not at present very forward as a commercial people. They are perfect babies in the art of banking, and have no notion of giving and taking credit. They are also without ready money, and have to look to foreigners for capital. But they will soon make money of their own, and they have many of the qualities which conduce to eminence in trade and agriculture. But the impulse given recently to their material prosperity is intimately associated with their political liberty. The two

cannot be separated. If the Kingdom were disunited, or freedom perished, Italy would fall back into stagnation and poverty. They know this themselves. Even in Tuscany, where there was greater content than anywhere else under the old system, the leading landowners were chiefly prompted to get rid of their Grand-Duke by the conviction that they could not get anything like the full value out of their estates so long as Tuscany was only a petty province cut off from the rest of Italy. It is much easier to grow rich in a great country than in a small one, and this piece of wisdom the Italians have taken thoroughly to heart. Although the Neapolitans are too backward to have very clear views of what is best for them, yet they cannot remain unaffected by the general concurrence of Italian opinion. They are certain to be influenced by the common persuasion that the only way for Italians to be rich is to be united; and then, like a good many other people, they may be gently led on to virtue and decency by the tender cord that binds together the heart and the purse.

The success of the KING's visit is a reward to the patience, the courage, and the moderation of all political parties. The Italian Parliament has worked so well that its working well has seemed a matter of course. But in reality there have been trials to bear and difficulties to overcome that would have severely tasked the fortitude and good humour of a veteran Assembly. That a House composed of persons from very different provinces, with few or no ties of private life to bind them together, enduring great daily discomfort in a capital most inconveniently situated for the bulk of the members, and with one half their number wholly unversed in public affairs, should have never given way to temper or provincial jealousies, or to the frantic enthusiasm of novices, is as remarkable a proof of natural aptitude for political liberty as was ever given in history. The present Ministry has no majority in the House, and commands little respect in or out of it. Its principles are by no means popular, and it does not rest upon the support of those who are most truly Italian in Italy. And yet, simply because it is the KING's Ministry, because VICTOR EMMANUEL has chosen to have it, and that Italy may avoid the reproach of political fickleness, this Ministry is encouraged to do its work, has every facility given it, and has every obstacle removed out of its way. If France could ever have treated any Ministry as the Italians have treated the RATAZZI Ministry during the last few weeks, she would have had a free constitution to this day. And among those who have shown most forbearance have been the Neapolitan members. Although no set of deputies suffer more by the prominence of the Piedmontese, whom RATAZZI and his colleagues especially represent—and although the influence of the party of action, as it is called, is so great in Naples that GARIBALDI, and not VICTOR EMMANUEL, is often said to be the real Sovereign there—the Southern members have discreetly avoided all manoeuvres or attacks that could compromise the Ministry. They had the sense to look forward, and to see that the real thing for Naples was to have the Government of VICTOR EMMANUEL established, whoever might be the agents. They have now the satisfaction of seeing that their views are shared by their fellow provincials, and they may take their part in welcoming their KING in his Southern capital with a satisfaction that is enhanced by the consciousness that they have deserved well of their country.

MR COBDEN'S THREE PANICS.

MR. COBDEN, unlike many successful speakers, is a skilful, vigorous, and lucid writer. His recent pamphlet on the *Three Panics* exposes with considerable effect the enormous outlay, and not inconsiderable waste, of the naval administration of England during the last fourteen or fifteen years. As the sudden augmentations which have taken place have been suggested by jealousy of France, Mr. COBDEN undertakes to prove that the preparations in the French dockyards have never justified the alarm and rivalry for which they furnished the excuse; and the conclusion is, that both Governments should arrange, by friendly negotiation, a proportionate reduction of their naval armaments. Mr. GLADSTONE's language at Manchester indicates a similar disposition to economy, although it is impossible for a Cabinet Minister to impugn, except by hints and mysterious phrases, the policy for which he is responsible in common with his colleagues. Both authorities concur in their condemnation of a large warlike expenditure; but Mr. COBDEN undertakes to prove in detail that the preparations

for defence have been unnecessary, while it seems to be Mr. GLADSTONE's opinion that the revenue which is at present raised ought to be reduced because it exceeds the resources of the country. Wherever money has been wasted by mismanagement, there is no room for controversy; for the most zealous advocates of national defences never professedly demand that useless articles should be purchased, or that ships and fortifications should be constructed for more than their legitimate cost. Mr. COBDEN has an easy task in exposing the blunders and obstinacy of the Admiralty, but his main objections would have been equally tenable if iron ships had been built at the time when the navy was, to a great extent, reconstructed. There is no doubt that war with France has several times been thought probable, and that the fear has happily not been realized. The costly precautions which were taken against the supposed danger may have been superfluous, or they may have been eminently prudent. Mr. COBDEN and his friends foresaw that, in each instance, peace would be maintained, but they would certainly have denied, with equal confidence, the possibility either of the Crimean or of the Italian war. The peaceable Government of France has during the interval which Mr. COBDEN for his own purposes surveys, increased its debt by about a hundred and fifty millions sterling, although its legitimate revenue has at the same time proved extraordinarily elastic; and the entire excess of liabilities may be attributable either to actual war or to military and naval preparations. The alliance or amity which has been maintained is satisfactory and fortunate; but in 1853 Mr. COBDEN himself would perhaps have admitted that, if there was to be a war in the following year, England was at least as likely as Russia to be the object of French hostility. In the beginning of 1858, when the *Moniteur* daily published the insulting addresses of the French colonels, it was not easy to foresee that Lombardy would be conquered, and Savoy annexed, before Malta or the Channel Islands were threatened.

The three epochs of alleged panic were not the less extraordinary because, like all times of crisis, they have now become historical and familiar. In 1848, a generation of tranquillity came to a sudden close, and a confused democratic revolution placed the whole Continent in arms. The party which had established the Republic in France constantly appealed to the reminiscences of 1794, and its most zealous adherents to this day denounce the error of not having once more precipitated crusading armies over all the frontiers of France. There was war in Italy, in Hungary, and in Austria itself; Ireland was threatened with insurrection; and LAMARTINE was plotting a treacherous seizure of Savoy as the price of assistance to Piedmont. It was allowable for English politicians to think that unknown and alarming dangers called for certain measures of security. The hollowness of the revolutionary movement could not possibly be understood until a universal reaction had set in in favour of despotism. In 1851 and 1852, the establishment of an absolute dynasty in France once more took all men by surprise. The ruler who founded his claim to sovereignty on his professed continuance of the system of NAPOLEON might not unreasonably be suspected of extending his imitation to the foreign policy of the first Emperor, and the English Government might have been excused for sharing in the general uneasiness; yet the total expenditure on the navy in 1852 and 1853 appears, from the tables which Mr. COBDEN has published, not to have exceeded the average of the previous ten or twelve years. The great increase which has subsequently taken place is to be attributed rather to the Russian war than to special jealousy of France; but it is undoubtedly true that great alarm prevailed in the latter part of 1859 and throughout the following year, and once more it may be asserted that the general uneasiness was well founded. It has since been ascertained that, in 1858, the Emperor NAPOLEON had arranged with Count CAVOUR the scheme of an Italian war, although Austria had offered no provocation whatever to France. On the first day of the new year the purpose of a rupture was announced in language at the same time mysterious and intelligible, and Mr. COBDEN presumes boldly on the infirmity of human memory when he asserts, as if on the authority of two English Governments, that Austria was responsible for the war. The determination to render England secure against similar acts of aggression was founded, not merely on the deliberate initiation of a warlike policy, but also on the facility with which it was brought to a successful issue. During the spring of 1859, the French Government repeatedly assured the English

Minister that the army was still on a peace footing. A few weeks later, the most thoroughly equipped expedition of modern times had been conducted by the EMPEROR in person across the Alps to Magenta and Solferino. A peace establishment which furnished ample means for a gigantic war implied equivalent precautions on the part of a prudent neighbour; and the Volunteer army, and a navy doubling the maritime force of France, accurately represent the unanimous feeling of this country. It is remarkable that Mr. COBDEN is almost as much opposed to the gratuitous levy of Volunteers as to the costly armaments which guard the seas. His complaint that young men are diverted from civil pursuits is a curious result of inveterate prejudice. A shopman who marches out to Hyde Park or Hampstead on a Saturday afternoon is diverted from civil pursuits neither more nor less than if he were playing at skittles in the back-yard of a tavern.

There is reason to hope that the naval estimates may hereafter be reduced by the employment of iron vessels, and by the consequent diminution in the expense of repairs; and much additional saving may be effected if, at any future time, the French Government becomes permanently and visibly inclined to peace. For the present, it is allowable to judge by recent experience, and it cannot be denied that the Empire has witnessed two wars which might easily have been avoided. The first English blue-book on the Russian war bears the odd title of "Disputes between France and Russia relating to the Holy Places." The Emperor NAPOLEON picked a most unnecessary quarrel with Turkey about some trinkets and mummeries at Jerusalem, and the Emperor NICHOLAS proceeded to invade Moldavia because the Porte had submitted to the French demands. The subsequent rupture was partly attributable to the weakness of the English Government, but France had been the first to disturb the peace of the world. The Italian war, waged for the sake of an idea, ended in the seizure of Savoy and Nice; and it is absurd to maintain that equally plausible pretexts might not be found for any new aggression which might be thought advisable. The popularity of the Italian cause in England never confused the national perception that French ambition was formidable to Europe. A loaded gun is dangerous, although the same weapon may have been previously discharged in another direction.

There is much valuable matter in Mr. COBDEN's pamphlet, and his statistics show that the naval force of England might, except for the impending change in the construction of ships of war, defy all competition. His comparisons, however, with the French navy prove little until he takes the strength of the army into consideration. The danger of irritating the national feeling of France by adequate armaments is by no means serious. According to Mr. COBDEN, there is a popular belief that the French fleet commands the Channel, and well-informed politicians are perfectly aware that all English preparations are essentially defensive. The popularity of the EMPEROR to a great extent depends on the national impression that he has restored the honour of the flag, and in a war with England he might confidently rely on the support of cherished animosities and prejudices; but there is happily no present fear of a rupture, and reciprocal good will is to some extent promoted by the conviction on both sides that an invasion is impossible. The magnitude of the armaments which may be necessary for habitual security cannot be defined by any general or immutable rule. The vast outlay for construction which has been incurred during late years ought, from its nature, to be temporary. On the other hand, American experience illustrates the extravagance of arming for the first time in the middle of a war. The expedition to Canada, which, like all other warlike operations, incurs Mr. COBDEN's censure, was the most economical measure which has been adopted by any recent Administration. Any expense was better than a display of weakness which would have confirmed the all but universal determination of the Northern Americans to persevere in an intolerable wrong; and if the naval and military establishments of the country had been less efficiently organized, the reinforcements which were easily spared to Canada could only have been provided at a much larger expense.

THE PALACE OF PUFFS.

NOW that the Great Exhibition is fairly open, we may reasonably look forward to a brief respite from the prophetic panegyrics which for some months past have been

heralding its glories in superlatives of steadily increasing energy. It is needless to expatiate upon the splendours which have justified the sustained notes of anticipatory triumph that have been poured forth by the trumpeters of the Commission. No one who has studied the outside can doubt that Captain FOWKE wants nothing but good taste to be a second PALLADIO or WREN. No one who is familiar with the aspect of Regent Street on a fine day can be insensible to the attractions of the pile of shop-fronts that have been artistically grouped inside the new edifice. We shall not stop to eulogize, for the eulogists who celebrated it before it was in existence exhausted everything in the way of encomium that was to be said. But there is still something to be done for the Great Exhibition. It has not yet received its historic name. The old Exhibition obtained, by popular acclamation, the title of the Crystal Palace, from the feature in its construction which was most striking to the eye. If the present building is to be named according to the same law, the glory of Brompton will be known to posterity by the name of the Dishcover Palace. Perhaps this title may not be thought dignified enough to rise to the grandeur of the occasion, and it may be preferred to look for a name to the moral character rather than to the material aspect of the building. The title of "Palace of Industry" has been proposed. But those words do not express its real character. No industry, except that of cooks and pickpockets, is carried on within its walls. It is subsidiary to another and not less important branch of commercial operations. Its object is not to produce things, but to sell them. To speak with decorous circumlocution, it aims at bringing to the notice of those who may be willing to purchase the produce of the industry of those who are willing to sell. To speak plainly, it is a gigantic advertisement. To call it the Palace of Industry would be to give a false idea of its true functions and actual operation. If it were named in the Palace of Truth, it would be called the Palace of Puffs.

This is the real sublimity of the Great Exhibition. This is the point in regard to which it will challenge the admiration of the latest posterity. It is a stupendous exhibition of the advertising genius of our race. There is something colossal in the amount of puffing power it represents. It has itself been advertised as nothing was ever advertised before, and it constitutes the greatest advertisement that history records. The age is one in which the art of advertising has been carried to an excellence beyond which, we flatter ourselves, those who come after us will never carry it. MAPPIN has seized upon the Hansom cabs; HARPER TWELVETREES has appropriated the QUEEN's washerwoman; and HOLLOWAY spends the income of a millionaire in disseminating copies of appreciative correspondence among every family of men from the New Zealanders to the Esquimaux. But, compared to the Commissioners, they are mere tyros in the advertising art. All authorities on the subject are agreed that the countenance of great personages is the soul of advertising success; and the Commissioners disposed of grantees such as were never at the service of advertisers before. What would MOSES have given to have opened his show-rooms with a procession including in a single line the SPEAKER of the House of Commons and a body of squeaking Highland bagpipers? It is no wonder that the Commissioners dwell in their programme with pardonable vanity upon the possession of functionaries so dignified for such a purpose. It is probably the first time in Parliamentary history that the concentrated quintessence of the British Constitution has walked in procession to open a show-room. But the Commissioners deserved to have the best materials at their disposal, by the skill with which they made use of them. They eked out what was lacking to their pageant by displaying all that they had to the best advantage. Royalty was the species of decoration in which their show was poorest, and they were compelled to put up with articles of the second quality and to pretend they were of the first. But they deserve great credit for the care with which they economized their resources in this respect. Every Royalty, or grandee savouring of Royalty, that could be found, was paraded in the Commissioners' procession the whole way from St. James's Park to Brompton—thus distributing abundantly among the crowd the pleasurable exercise of cheering, and giving to the uninformed vulgar the impression that whatever was wanting in the quality of Royal patronage was abundantly made up by the quantity. The Court newsman himself is evidently of opinion that all things royal, whatever their value, stand in an arithmetical ratio to each other,

He gravely informs the world that, though Her MAJESTY was unhappily unable to take part in the ceremony herself, she had determined, in order that her place might be supplied, to place no less than seven state-carriages at the disposal of the Commissioners. It is very gratifying to loyal subjects to learn what is the exact value of our SOVEREIGN, expressed in what we presume is to be taken as the lowest Royal unit. That we may be more perfect in the art of courtly calculation, we should like to know from the Court newsman what is the precise value of a German Prince, expressed in state-carriages.

But the present of seven state-carriages was not the limit of the Commissioners' good luck. They were fortunate enough to secure, by particular desire, and for that occasion only, the silent presence of an Archbishop in his doctor's dress, and of the Bishop of the diocese in full episcopal attire, to "perform a service;" and, under the sanction of this venerable presence, they were able to open the World's Fair with a concert of sacred music and a prayer—thereby distinguishing it from inferior fairs, which are only opened with a merry-go-round. This must be looked upon as the culmination of advertising skill. This is the point at which the Commissioners easily outstrip all inferior competitors. It is possible that MAPPIN and MOSES will take the hint; but they can never rise beyond a Scripture-reader or a deacon at the very outside. It is only when a great many show-rooms are put together, and opened all at once, that episcopal prayers can be obtained to invoke a blessing upon the proceeding. We have no wish to criticize the Right Reverend Prelate's performance of his unwonted and difficult part; but it would be more effective if, on any similar occasion that may occur, his prayers were more distinctly addressed to the occasion. What he is brought there for is to pray that the undertaking may succeed—that is to say, that it may be put into the heart of the visitors to purchase everything they see, and to pay whatever they are asked. This is what, in the eyes of the exhibitors, will constitute the success of the Great Exhibition. If the Bishop is to act, in so solemn a manner, as the mouth-piece of their wishes, he ought at least to speak plain English. We can only venture to express definitely the hope which he couched in more ambiguous phrase. We may presume that the double precedent will be followed in future decades, and that from this time forth we may look upon Great Exhibitions as a British institution. We beg to offer a hearty welcome to this new claimant on our allegiance. We earnestly trust that its direct results may fully answer the calculations of those who advertise in its compartments, as well as the holier aspirations of the Bishop. Its indirect effects will be numerous and salutary. It will furnish a perennial subject for conversation that will relieve the diner-out of all strain upon his ingenuity for at least a year to come. It will open a covert for flirtations in which the *débutante* may bring down her game without being forced to brave the hardships of the ball-room in its pursuit. It will draw off attention from the labours of Parliament, and enable those who are obliged to talk that their constituents may imagine they are working, to subside into a repose not less salutary for their country than for themselves. Above all, it will provide us with a national fête. We are not strong in anniversaries. We reject saints' days as evil. Mayday is perishing fast, though ethnologists assure us that it is an ancient Indo-Germanic festival; and Christmas has retained only a domestic and gastronomic existence. This great defect is now likely to be remedied. It is only right and fitting that the decennial festivals of the *nation boutiquière* should be the solemn and religious opening of a gigantic joint-stock show-room.

PRUSSIA.

THERE can now be little doubt that the result of the Prussian elections will be unfavourable to the present Ministers. To Englishmen it seems, at first sight, that in all its recent proceedings the Government has been inviting defeat; but modern experience has repeatedly shown the rashness of judging Continental affairs by the light of insular experience. Many political motives and rules of action which were thought integral elements of human nature have proved themselves to be English peculiarities. The foreigner has no objection to be ordered about by a policeman, and he is more likely to sympathize with a dictatorial Minister or Prefect than with a sturdy and obstinate neighbour who is a little richer or better born than himself. It was, consequently, difficult to judge whether the Prussian con-

stituencies would adopt the censures which the King and his advisers have directed against the Opposition. In France, a similar appeal from the throne would probably impose on constitutional malcontents the ban of universal suffrage, for the EMPEROR has persuaded the people that he is their proper representative, and that their business at elections is only to provide him with loyal and submissive co-operators. But the King of PRUSSIA has perhaps more troublesome scruples, as he is certainly far less remarkable for ability and tact; and it may be also that he has to do with a nation which is less uniformly manageable. As the shepherd distinguishes the faces of the sheep, which in the eyes of a Cockney look like successive impressions of the same photograph, the political observer corrects the tendency of the hasty traveller to class all the inhabitants of Europe in the simple category of foreigners. Germans, after all, are not Frenchmen, and they have a history and character of their own. Their habitual deference to public functionaries has not superseded every other recognition of superiority. The respect for thought which properly belongs to the most learned of nations, gives independence and political importance to one class at least which is raised far above the vulgar level. The Professors of the Universities have often been laughed at as politicians, and they are not exempt from the besetting pedantry of their occupation; but they have, for the most part, studied history, they hold definite and consistent opinions, and they consult the taste of their countrymen when they refer every course of action to its original principles. The first condition of freedom is the existence of some natural aristocracy which represents the people without depending incessantly on its favour. The scholars of Northern Germany, intimately allied with the middle class, may perhaps be destined to mediate between liberty and democracy; and the reproof which the University of Berlin has administered to the Government, and the able address of Professor SYBEL to the electors, afford satisfactory proofs that the great academic bodies are opposed to the retrograde tendencies of the Court. It is unfortunate that the nobility, both by its position and by its policy, has become thoroughly unpopular. Opposition to monarchical encroachment is consequently connected with dislike of aristocratic pretensions, and even the army is unpopular because the majority of the officers belong to the privileged body. Although it is difficult to understand how political and administrative freedom can be maintained without the aid of social distinctions, it appears that German progress must dispense with the support of hereditary landowners.

The Prussian constitution is peculiar and ingenious, and perhaps it may prove successful. One of the most difficult of political problems has been solved on paper by a suffrage which is almost universal and yet extremely unequal. Following the pattern of the early Roman constitution, the legislator has divided the voters into classes, according to their pecuniary qualifications. By a further and more questionable refinement, he has restricted them to the privilege of nominating electors who, in turn, appoint the representatives of the nation. The day-labourer thus enjoys a fractional franchise, but it takes a great many labourers to make up a manufacturer or a capitalist. The same result is more awkwardly, but more effectively, secured in England by the unequal distribution of the elective right among large and small constituencies. As Mr. BRIGHT and his adherents often, with perfect truth, complain, a minority even of the qualified voters return more than half the House of Commons. The arrangement is in itself highly expedient; but it works better where it is partially the effect of unforeseen causes. Under the Prussian constitution, the symmetrical and proportioned diversity of franchises is perhaps too transparent, though possibly German intellects may approve of a contrivance which renders its own machinery visible. The indirect or secondary election can scarcely be otherwise than a failure. The electors will either be pledged delegates, like the Presidential electors in the United States, or the primary constituencies will cease to interest themselves in the exercise of a privilege so remote from political action. It is impossible to be zealous in support of a candidate who is to become officially defunct as soon as he has uttered the single word which it was his sole duty to deliver. On the present occasion, the desire of ejecting an unpopular Ministry appears to have prevailed over the ordinary dulness of an indirect election. The Government, with a stupid perversity, has done its utmost to stimulate the zeal of its opponents, not only by silly circulars to public functionaries, but by fixing an inconvenient time for voting.

It is scarcely credible that the day of the Leipsic fair should have been selected for the express purpose of disfranchising the traders who might be attending to their business in the neighbouring Saxon territory. The natural consequence is, that the shopkeepers contrive to reconcile their public and private duties by voting against the Government and hurrying over their transactions at the fair. To those who have been born to liberty, instead of having to discover what it means, the blunders of semi-constitutional rulers are perhaps unreasonably puzzling. The original mistake of the KING himself, in treating the Opposition as his enemies, is in itself perfectly intelligible, and even in England similar errors have only become obsolete in the present generation. It might, however, have been thought that even a Continental functionary could understand the imprudence of irritating voters on the eve of a general election.

The reduction in the army estimates which has already been conceded by the Ministers may perhaps obviate a decisive collision during the ensuing session; but there is no doubt that the compromise must be highly unpalatable to the KING, especially as it stultifies his conduct in changing his Cabinet. The leaders of the Opposition are bent on the reduction of the army, partly on financial grounds, and partly because they disapprove of the military administration of the Government, while they distrust its general policy. The wish of the KING himself to maintain a powerful army is in some degree professional, but it is also probably genuinely patriotic. If Prussia is not a great military Power capable of heading the defence of Germany, it is but an insignificant and useless State. As King and as soldier, WILLIAM I. naturally wishes to be able to present an imposing front to all foreign Powers. It is unfortunate that he is unable to come to an understanding with his people, who substantially wish the same. The KING is an honest man, and his obstinacy and narrowness would be forgiven if his policy were direct and intelligible. The country cannot understand a German patriotism which regards the privileges of petty Princes somewhat more carefully than the unity and independence of the nation. Any amount of taxation would be voted for the maintenance of an army which was to satisfy the legitimate aspirations of Germany; but when regiments are useful only as providing commissions, or as furnishing material for reviews, it is not surprising that the Chamber should scrutinize the estimates with care. In the mean time, there is happily no tendency to revolutionary agitation, and the KING will have the opportunity of reconciling himself with general opinion if he is capable of learning from experience. On the most unfavourable supposition, his successor may perhaps still be in time to fulfil the expectations which have so long attended the dynasty of HOHENZOLLERN. The fame of FREDERICK the GREAT is still fresh in Prussian memories, and even in the anarchy of 1848, his representative was selected by the democrats themselves as the chief of a restored Empire. Intelligent Germans cannot understand why the most numerous and best-educated nation in Europe should have no distinct political existence. The Emperor NICHOLAS has been succeeded by the Emperor NAPOLEON as the arbiter of the Continent, while Prussia has not even the vigour to overrule the paltry intrigues of Hanover or Bavaria. The Prussian Liberals, in addition to the ordinary measures which occupy the attention of political reformers, desire that the KING should aggrandize himself by putting himself boldly at the head of the nation. It is unwise to resent their movement as disloyal, especially as political zeal may, under unfavourable circumstances, readily be converted into disaffection.

LAMBETH.

ONCE more there is a vacancy in a metropolitan borough, and no presentable candidate thinks it worth his while to compete for the honour of a seat in Parliament. The condition of these gregarious constituencies is so stale and monotonous a topic, that a recurrence to the subject can only be justified by a vague hope of arousing at some future time the conscience or the vanity of the callous electors. If the ten-pound householders of Lambeth are impervious to censure and disapproval, they ought at least to feel the satire which is implied in their failure, in default of fame, to attain notoriety. It is possible that some parochial journal may report the progress of an unmeaning canvass, but even the penny papers forget that one obscure Radical is about to be substituted for another. The London press in some

degree represents the metropolis as well as the country at large. The Common Council, the Commissioners of Sewers, and even the principal charitable societies, find their transactions reported by the side of foreign correspondence and Parliamentary debates; yet, notwithstanding an unusual dearth of domestic news, Lambeth enjoys only an occasional paragraph at the bottom of some remote column in the smallest type. The papers which profess to share the political opinions of the electors are as supercilious as the *Times* itself, although, from time to time, they recommend the institution of electoral districts which would reduce a large portion of the country to the level of a metropolitan borough. Nature is too strong for conventional theories, and it is felt that the relations between the contending candidates and the constituency are too despicable for serious notice. No human being out of the limits of Lambeth can think that it would be worth while to walk across the street to decide between an obscure resident in the borough and a second-rate Old Bailey barrister, who lives, it may be hoped, in some less disagreeable neighbourhood. Mr. DOULTON is probably the less fluent speaker, but he is recommended as "an employer of labour," or, in other words, as a trader. Mr. SLEIGH justly relies on the knowledge of ten-pound nature which is acquired in thundering before a jury in vindication of the character of some yet unconvicted thief; and his advertisements imply that profound respect for the class which is elsewhere indicated by an ostentatious reliance on the wisdom and virtue of "twelve independent men in a box." An enlarged suffrage, the ballot, the reduction of expenditure, and the rest of the indispensable pledges form a part of Mr. SLEIGH's political creed, in the same sense in which, in his professional capacity, he is, for the time, convinced of the innocence of his clients. If the opposite doctrines were in fashion in Lambeth, he would probably be as ready to accept a brief on the other side. He is perfectly aware that, if he succeeds, his constituents will never trouble him to promote the political objects for which they care as little as himself. The most practical part of his profession of faith consists in a belief in the Thames Embankment, and his support of so tangible a measure would probably be rewarded by success if it were not certain that his rival will be equally ready to promote the obvious material interests of the borough. Mr. SLEIGH's name is at least familiar to all readers of newspapers, while the genius of Mr. DOULTON has hitherto bloomed in the shade. Neither candidate can greatly lower the average character of metropolitan members; and it is right that Mr. WILLIAMS, as the veteran representative of the borough, should feel himself undeniably more distinguished than his future colleague. There is only one contingency in which the selection of either candidate could inflict any serious injury on the country. The most reckless Minister, in the utmost embarrassment, could never make an "employer of labour" Solicitor-General, and potential Chief Justice; but the risk of a legal appointment which was thought possible two or three years ago will not speedily be forgotten. As lawyers in search of promotion naturally seek for seats in Parliament, it is desirable that, as far as possible, those who succeed should belong to the higher ranks of the profession. Mr. SLEIGH is probably clever and industrious, and it may be presumed that his character is irreproachable; but the police-courts and the Old Bailey are not a nursery either for statesmen or for great lawyers. In Lambeth, the difference between a speech for a pickpocket and an argument at the bar of the House of Lords may not be accurately understood.

The pertinacious cant which is imposed by the metropolitan constituencies on their members might be paradoxically defended as an instance of the Conservatism which is deeply rooted in the English character. The Lambeth electors have heard in their youth of Parliamentary Reform and vote by ballot, and they are not disposed to adopt new-fangled theories which contain the suspicious element of a meaning. As to promiscuous suffrage, they have got it already, and no ballot-box is wanted for the purpose of securing them against aristocratic intimidation. Their numbers exclude bribery, and if their votes are in any instance coerced, the pressure is exercised only by the outside mob, which demands the ballot still more loudly. On the whole, it may be assumed that they are perfectly satisfied to wait for changes which, if they were accomplished, would leave them without an electioneering cry. Constituencies which were earnest in their desire for reform would try, if possible, to obtain the aid of able men, although it must be confessed that few orators or possible statesmen have of late

years adopted the occupation of demagogues. The dullest shopkeeper in the New Cut must be well aware that revolutions are not carried through by SLEIGHS and DOULTONS. It is in the local music halls or school-rooms, and not in the House of Commons, that patriotic professions of Liberalism are required. In the dingy gloom of the marshy suburb, even a speech about the ballot may now and then be welcomed as an amusement.

Within the last year, four contests have interrupted the tranquillity of as many London boroughs. Marylebone was, as usual, preeminent in the demands which were made on the candidates, and in their readiness to give the most unscrupulous pledges. It cannot be said that, after paying the necessary price of admission to the House of Commons, Mr. HARVEY LEWIS has shown any disposition to trouble it with useless agitation. Like many metropolitan members, he is probably moderate and reasonable, except when he is compelled to bid against an opponent for votes. Southwark, which has on several occasions shown a disposition to depart from the metropolitan standard of selection, did itself credit by preferring Mr. LAYARD to a local "employer of labour." The choice was judicious, and it was only to be regretted that a personally eminent candidate was compelled to go through the degrading ceremonial of swallowing the traditional pledges. Nevertheless, Southwark is well entitled to look down on its neighbouring borough, applying once more the threadbare joke that wise men are not to be found in the West. Even Finsbury contrived, in electing the absurd of all the metropolitan members, to defeat a jobbing organisation in the person of a candidate less conspicuously below mediocrity. Mr. Cox, in a certain sense, represents purity of election, and his votes will in most instances be the same which would have been given by his more staid and decorous rival. Lambeth is in danger of sinking even below the humble level of London elections, unless the present candidates are set aside in favour of some more creditable competitor.

The House of Commons during the last session showed, in its contemptuous rejection of the claims of Chelsea, the impression which has been produced by the habitual proceedings of the London boroughs. It is perhaps not to be regretted that the constitution should have provided a visible warning against the evil of low franchises, and especially of heterogeneous districts. The voters of Manchester or of Liverpool may be as humble as those of Marylebone, but they form a part of an organized community with common interests and recognised leaders. In either town, a stranger from the lower ranks of the bar would be rejected with ridicule, and even in the City of London custom prescribes the selection either of statesmen or of well-known bankers and merchants. The inhabitants of other districts of London have no connexion with one another, and the upper classes especially are altogether unknown to the publicans, to the petty shopkeepers, and to the artisans. The consequence is that the representation is open only on conditions which repel delicate minds, and practically exclude all desirable candidates.

RIFLE RANGES FOR LONDON

THE meeting of London Volunteers, over which Lord ELCHO presided on Wednesday, has a significance far greater than even the important object for which it was called would seem to imply. All the most prominent representatives of the Volunteer cause took part in the proceedings, either as movers and seconders of resolutions, or as speakers in the practical discussion which ensued; and we can scarcely be far wrong in assuming that we have, in the conclusions at which the meeting arrived, an authentic account of what the Volunteers themselves consider to be essential to the permanent success of the movement which has, up to the present time, been sustained much more by the independent exertion and sacrifice of those who have taken part in it than by the rather stinted support which Government has vouchsafed. The purpose for which the Volunteers were called together was to take into consideration the desirableness of establishing public rifle ranges in the neighbourhood of London; but we should scarcely be exaggerating the real importance of a discussion which, on the face of it, related only to a matter of local convenience, if we were to describe the meeting as having been convened to consider the means of preventing the collapse of the Volunteer movement on which so much effort has been so successfully bestowed.

From the very first cry for a Volunteer army, we have held but one opinion as to the conditions under which alone a civilian force could become one of the permanent institutions of the country. The alarm which was recently spread, of flagging interest and failing numbers in the Volunteer ranks, was exaggerated and premature; but it is now ascertained that it had at least this much foundation, that the muster-roll had ceased to increase—that subscriptions in aid had sadly fallen off—and that the Government was by no means eager to supply the Volunteer corps with the facilities of shooting which furnish the very life-blood of the whole organization. In short, the glory of the Volunteers seemed to have reached its culminating point, and to be threatened with the same ultimate fate which attended the still more extensive movement of the same kind which was created by the attitude of the First NAPOLEON half a century ago. With the historical fact patent and undeniable, that an army of Volunteers, twice as numerous and to the full as enthusiastic as those who now form an essential part of our defences, almost utterly disappeared after two or three years of tranquillity, those who have faith in the permanency of the present movement are bound to show some good ground for the assumption that England's second Volunteer army will not share the fate which fell upon the first. Where is the distinction to be found? It is not in Royal Patronage or Parliamentary encouragement, for these were enjoyed as amply by the Volunteers of 1806 as by those of the present day. If we have got together in Hyde Park, in Edinburgh, at Knowsley, at Wimbledon, and at Brighton, small armies of from ten to twenty thousand men, our fathers mustered in their time in far greater strength. In their aptitude at drill and their devotion to their country, there is no reason to suppose that they fell short of the most enthusiastic among ourselves. In the stimulus of threatening danger they had for a time an element of strength and cohesion, which kept the sluggish up to their work and constantly brought fresh recruits to the standard. In no one of the particulars which we have enumerated do we find the slightest ground for believing that the existing force will be less evanescent than that on the model of which it was framed. And yet we do heartily believe and trust that the immense efforts which have been made by the Volunteers during the last two years will not be wasted, and that time will only consolidate and expand the force. If we are asked what is to make this prodigious difference, we have only one answer to give—the Rifle. The modern Volunteer can point only to one distinction between himself and his predecessor of a past generation; he is what the other was not—a rifleman. To join the ranks now is not only to fulfil a patriotic duty, but to find a pursuit which loses none of its attractions when the alarm of war subsides, and is replaced by an epidemic faith in the permanence of universal peace. A Volunteer force which musters only when danger seems to threaten is essentially evanescent. A body of Riflemen eager to perfect themselves in a manly art will hold together at one time almost as closely as at another, and if all our 150,000 Volunteers were riflemen, we should no more doubt the permanence of the force than we should expect all the old manly sports of the country to die out from the languid indifference of future generations. Many, though not all, of the Volunteer leaders have fully appreciated the importance of the Rifle as the main stay of the Volunteer movement; but it will be impossible altogether to discard anxiety as to the future until the Volunteers and their supporters universally accept the incontestable truth that in rifle shooting they will find, not merely one very important part of their duties but the sole element of permanency by which the ultimate dissolution of the force can be averted. As yet the truth has not been half comprehended, and the result is that, in the majority of London corps, there are not more than a quarter of the men who ever touch a rifle except on parade. Interpreted by the experience of the past, this is equivalent to saying that not more than one in four of the Volunteers of whom we are so proud can be depended on as a permanent addition to the strength of the country.

We are not blaming the Volunteers for this. It is no fault of theirs. They do not shoot, because they have no opportunities of shooting. It is found that the proportion of riflemen who go through their annual musketry course depends almost entirely on the accessibility of the ranges which their corps may possess. There is one large corps which has one of the best and most convenient butts near London, where some 400 out of 600 are more or less accomplished riflemen. There are battalions much stronger

on parade which could not muster fifty respectable shots, simply for the reason that they have either no range at all, or one so inconvenient and imperfect as to shut out the bulk of their members from all possibility of practice. There is scarcely a corps in London which has not been working hard for the last year to procure some additional shooting accommodation. They have all failed, more or less completely, from the extreme difficulty and cost of procuring sites sufficiently near the metropolis; and in recognising this failure as the most, and indeed, the only alarming symptom of the present phase of volunteering, the Volunteer manders who attended the recent meeting have taken com-first step towards removing it.

But they have done much more than this. They have come to the resolution that the only possible way of meeting a difficulty which, if not surmounted, will undermine the whole movement, is to establish public ranges by the combined action of all the London Volunteers; and they have succeeded in finding one plan which, if it can be carried to a successful issue, will supply all that the most exacting Volunteer can desire. On this point the meeting seems to have been quite unanimous, and certainly there was something amazingly tempting to riflemen in the promise of a range where 500 men could shoot side by side, and supplied with a greater number of long-range targets than are now to be found within a radius of fifty miles from London. Fortified by the strong opinion of General HAY, who spoke in the highest terms of the proposed arrangement, and who dilated with infinite gusto on the luxury of having 16 first-class targets all in use at once, the Volunteers have resolved to put their shoulder to the wheel and carry through a project which, though too large for a single corps, would be easily compassed by the united action of the large force in and near London. The particular plan which it was resolved to adopt is one which, it may be remembered, was brought out in the form of a Limited Liability Company about a year ago. The issue of the experiment, it seems, has been that the Volunteers naturally waited for the City to find all the capital for the enterprise, while commercial men held aloof from a speculation which those most interested in its success did so little to promote. The end has been that the Metropolitan Rifle Range Company still stood in need, as stated in the meeting, of funds to the amount of about 15,000*l.* to enable the works to be carried out. Under these circumstances, it was determined to form a working committee of the London corps for the purpose of organizing a common effort to prevent the threatened abandonment of an undertaking so essential to the progress and vitality of the Volunteer movement in the district which is and always must be its headquarters. There was some discussion, which to us seems of very secondary importance, as to the commercial prospects of a joint-stock rifle range. General HAY expressed himself as confidently on the one side as Lord RANELAGH on the other; and perhaps no one could do more than guess at the value of the speculation. Whether the investment be good, or indifferent, or bad may be matter of opinion, but there is no question that the construction of a first-rate range close to their own doors is an object which the Volunteers will be wise to secure, while the possibility of doing so remains. It is tolerably certain that the Government will not come to their aid. The City, it seems, has declined to do more than divide the risk of the undertaking, and it depends on the Volunteers themselves whether rifle practice shall be placed within the reach of all, or remain a luxury to be indulged in only by the few who have abundance of money and leisure to devote to a favourite pastime.

AMERICA.

THE rumoured journey of M. MERCIER, French Minister at Washington, to the Confederate head-quarters at Richmond, may perhaps indicate the readiness of the Federal Government to commence a negotiation. It is probable that, for the present, the restoration of the Union and of the Constitution would be the only terms offered by the PRESIDENT; but if Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS showed a conciliatory disposition, some compromise might be devised which would put an end to the war. It is fair to admit that Mr. LINCOLN has, on several occasions, displayed a degree of prudence and moderation which could scarcely have been expected from a ruler elected almost by accident. He has steadily discouraged Abolition projects, because they would have rendered reunion impossible, and he has even hesitated in

approving the Bill for the suppression of slavery in Columbia, on the ground that the inhabitants of the district ought to have been previously consulted. A desire to terminate the war, even at the cost of considerable sacrifices, would be highly creditable to his good name and humanity, and not inconsistent with his character. French intervention would probably be popular in the North, if only on account of the antipathy to England which is carefully cherished by demagogues of all persuasions. It must be remembered, however, that the fact of M. MERCIER's mission is not ascertained, and it is possible that he may never even have moved from his house at Washington.

For the present, it is not surprising that the Federalists are boastful and sanguine. The capture of Fort Pulaski will probably ensure the fall of another State capital, and General MICHELL's seizure of the railway communication between Virginia and the West may perhaps convert the drawn battle of Pittsburgh into a Federal victory by forcing General BEAUREGARD to retreat. It may not be easy to surmount the works at York Town, especially while the *Virginia* or *Merrimac* is cruising on the flank of the armies; but while General M'CLELLAN prosecutes the attack, General M'DOWELL, General FREMONT, and General BANKS are moving southward with three considerable armies. If the Confederate PRESIDENT were a NAPOLEON, with a thoroughly disciplined force under his orders, he could desire no better position than to be the object of a concentric attack from widely distant points. It may be doubted, however, whether his levies can be moved with rapidity against different enemies in succession, and it can scarcely be supposed that he can face all his antagonists at the same time with equal numbers.

In default of loans and taxes, as the resource of paper money is perhaps becoming precarious, the Federal Government is borrowing by the simple process of obtaining supplies on credit. The contractors receive "certificates of indebtedness" bearing interest, and thus far it may be presumed that they can negotiate the Government obligations in the money market. Congress in the mean time shows no hurry to pass the Tax Bill, which is still under discussion in the Senate. There is little doubt that some measure will be adopted for raising the nominal revenue to 30,000,000*l.*, but fiscal measures which are not even professedly passed for the purpose of paying for the war naturally excite but a secondary interest. Comparatively prudent politicians are becoming more and more sensible of the impossibility of maintaining the present rate of expenditure. The 600,000 men who were first to overrun the South, and then to punish British perfidy in Canada, are, according to the present theory, to be shortly reduced to an army of moderate dimensions. It is thought that, with the capture of Richmond and Charleston, of New Orleans and Savannah, the Confederates will be so effectually defeated that 100,000 men will suffice to overawe further resistance; and there can be no doubt that the command of the rivers by means of gunboats, together with the undisputed mastery of the sea, would involve danger and annoyance to the South, even if two thirds or three fourths of the invading army were disbanded. The summer and impending bankruptcy furnish equally forcible reasons for terminating the campaign within a month. It will hardly be thought necessary, during a second year, to keep half a million of men employed exclusively in drill. The Government and the nation have, by universal admission, displayed a warlike resolution and energy, which has only been excelled by the efforts of their far weaker opponents. After showing what can be effected in time of need, the Federal States will perhaps be contented with less exhausting efforts.

As the war proceeds, English critics of American affairs might almost seem to be changing sides. Modest observers who have preferred the historical study of events to opportunities of expressing fine sentiments, acknowledge the remarkable vigour of a Government which appeared a year ago to be incapable of deciding between war and peace. Freedom has, in the midst of incredible folly and presumption, justified itself by the lavish expenditure of life and treasure which is rendered possible by the consent of an entire people. For humble inquirers, the question was, not whether the cause of the North was "high and holy," but whether it would be supported by sufficient fleets and armies. As the Federal Government never affected to be fighting for the abolition of slavery, plain Englishmen are neither shocked nor astonished by the total absence of any disposition to emancipate the negroes by force. The earnest, impassioned, and irritable sect of philanthro-

pists, having cultivated more sanguine hopes, is now scarcely able to acquiesce in its disappointment. The "Great West," the "home of the setting sun," which was in its might to pronounce the doom of slavery, has lately been occupied in taking precautions against negro immigration which are far more stringent than any Fugitive Slave-law. One State after another has passed Acts to prevent any coloured person from settling in its territory, and all the disabilities already imposed on free negroes are sedulously maintained or extended. English benevolence cannot appreciate the height and holiness of love for freedom which is combined with an obstinate repudiation of the liberated race. Ohio and Illinois give fair notice to their Southern neighbours that, although emancipation may be imposed by force, an emancipated slave is an intolerable nuisance. "Men and brothers" would perhaps be less welcome even at Exeter Hall, if they were counted by millions. Those who recommend the wholesale deportation of the coloured population to some country not yet designated are regarded in America as rather liberal and humane politicians. Hard-hearted and cold-blooded sceptics in Europe were from the first aware that a social difficulty lay behind the political disruption. The gushing enthusiasm of those English writers who thought fit to become reckless partisans in a foreign quarrel, is likely to be often chilled and checked during the further progress of the dispute.

It is only by resolute impartiality that Englishmen can abstain from resenting the persevering animosity of all Northern factions. The House of Representatives still continues to discuss the *Trent* affair, on the complacent assumption that, in demanding the prisoners, the English Government abandoned all its previous doctrines on maritime law. No coolness and no affront interrupts the tide of sycophancy to France, and M. THIUVENEL is habitually thanked for the condescension of his friendly reproof. No section of the community is more bitter in its language than the Abolitionists, who indeed appear never to have forgiven West India emancipation. Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS cannot deliver a fanatical oration against slavery without denouncing the nation which has most consistently opposed it, and the Rev. Mr. HENRY WARD BEECHER prays and preaches against England with a pious malignity unknown to profane and secular patriots. On the whole, the "high and holy" friends of the North receive little encouragement from their perverse allies. Worldly politicians are in the habit of looking more coolly at foreign transactions, and they have long been accustomed to rate American bombast at its fair value. At present, they are not ashamed to say that they want cotton for English factories, and that, for the sake of the belligerents themselves, they would gladly see a compromise. Without sympathising in the smallest degree with slavery, they are not prepared to insist on immediate emancipation, as long as the North declines by anticipation to be troubled with the negroes on their escape from bondage.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN QUESTION.

IT might have been thought no easy matter to get up a serious controversy on the question which the House of Commons deemed worthy of a debate and division on Tuesday night, and which vexed with doubt even the statesmanlike mind of the Opposition leader. A vote of 550^l for the religious instruction of Roman Catholic convicts in English prisons appears at first sight a very simple affair indeed. As a matter of principle, it offers no extraordinary difficulty, seeing that Parliament has no sort of hesitation in providing for the religious instruction of Roman Catholic convicts in Irish prisons, and that a similar provision is annually made, as a thing of course, for Roman Catholic convicts in military prisons in every part of the United Kingdom. If there is no insuperable theological objection to a State subsidy for the spiritual necessities of Irish and military offenders professing the Roman Catholic religion, one does not see why Parliament need think twice about extending a similar benefaction to that not inconsiderable number of English civilian criminals (nearly 15 per cent.) who prefer the same identical claim on the consideration of a Christian Legislature. On general grounds of humanity, justice, and public policy, the case seems irresistibly strong. Deprivation of religious teaching and consolation is a cruel and gratuitous aggravation of the necessary severities of criminal justice; and when the State forcibly excludes a man—it may be for the term of his natural life—from intercourse with his fellows, it is barbarous to leave him

without the means of exercising the religion in which he has been brought up. The policy of the question appears equally plain. Without subscribing to the "moral hospital" theory of penal jurisprudence, we may at least say that the possible reformation of offenders is a legitimate object of prison discipline, and that it is inexpedient to withhold from the convict that last chance of coming out of gaol a better man than he went in, which may be afforded by the ministrations of a chaplain of his own faith. It is generally admitted that religious instruction, in some shape, is an indispensable basis and support of moral teaching, and it would be absurd to suppose that any man can be morally benefited by the exhortations of a clergyman in whom he does not believe. On the whole, the propriety of making some definite provision for the spiritual wants of one-seventh of the aggregate convict population of Great Britain is a thing which one is almost ashamed to argue seriously.

Mr. WHALLEY's plea for consigning Roman Catholic offenders to spiritual starvation is, it must be owned, intelligible enough. He takes the broad and simple view that the Roman Catholic religion is a great deal worse than no religion at all, and that public policy and morality alike forbid the intrusion of its clergy within the walls of a prison. It is a mere medley of "idolatry and superstition" (he "did not use the terms offensively"), and its ministrations can have no possible effect but to make a convict a worse man than he was before. A Roman Catholic priest who does his duty to his Church will, it seems, feel himself bound to inform a prisoner that crime, under certain circumstances, becomes lawful and even meritorious, and that robbery and murder are occasionally permissible expedients for the assertion of rights which social arrangements deny. As the House, however, listened to the member for Peterborough's ravings with undisguised and unanimous repugnance, it is unnecessary to bestow another word on one of the coarsest exhibitions of vulgar intolerance that Parliament has witnessed for many a year. Yet, after all, the only difference between Mr. WHALLEY and the other opponents of the vote is that he gave a real and tangible reason for his opposition, while they gave none whatever. Neither Mr. SELWYN, nor Mr. NEWDEGATE, nor Mr. KINNAIRD professed to regard the ministrations of Roman Catholic clergymen to Roman Catholic convicts as other than salutary and useful, though they refused to make specific provision for an object which is at present left to the chances of private zeal and benevolence. They had nothing to say against the proposal to appropriate a few hundred pounds annually to a confessedly beneficial purpose, except that the House was taken "somewhat by surprise," and that the measure involved a "new principle" of unknown and dangerous scope. It is difficult to imagine idler pretexts for refusing to do a simple act of justice and humanity. It is ridiculous to talk of surprise when the House was merely called upon to vote, in regular course, an item in estimates which had been printed weeks before and placed in every member's hands; and the "new principle," as we have seen, is an old and familiar principle, already recognised and acted upon on both sides of the Channel. Mr. WHALLEY's outspoken bigotry becomes almost respectable by the side of the lame and disingenuous pretences employed by more plausible politicians to lend a colour to injustice and intolerance.

The most curious part of the business, however, was Mr. DISRAELI's attempt to trim between antagonist forces both of which are indispensable elements of his political calculations, and to please two diametrically opposite parties, without committing himself to either. The Opposition leader was clearly in a difficulty. It is no part of his game to go against the "Protestant feeling" of the country, especially as represented by so respectable a champion as the member for Cambridge University; yet what is to become of the Irish Roman Catholic alliance if the Conservative chief is to indorse Protestant objections to an act of common charity and tolerance? Mr. HENNESSY has claims to deferential consideration which cannot be safely ignored; yet Mr. NEWDEGATE is a power in the State that a prudent party leader is reluctant to alienate. A speech in favour of Roman Catholic gaol-chaplains might tell awkwardly in Exeter-hall; yet the Irish vote is a first necessary of Conservative existence. The dilemma was a critical one, and it is not surprising that Mr. DISRAELI did not come very handsomely out of it. He acknowledged that no one could fairly complain of having been taken by surprise, inasmuch as the printed estimates were notice enough to the House of every item included in them; and he declared his inability to

see that any principle was involved in a vote which appeared to him "entirely a question of discretion." Although, however, it was really a very small matter, and one which every member had had ample time to consider, Mr. DISRAELI earnestly deprecated any "sudden decision." Why this needless haste? Why not wait for a fuller House, and have a regular debate on a subject which, on his own showing, was a mere point of administrative detail? It was, above all things, desirable to come to a perfectly "satisfactory conclusion," and no conclusion could possibly be satisfactory if only fifty or sixty members were present. The suggestion was singularly absurd, as it simply implied that every item in the estimates which may happen to be objected to in a thin House must be debated over again in a full House; but it answered, in a sort of a way, the purpose of the moment, which was to relieve Mr. DISRAELI from the necessity of saying point-blank whether a proposal which irreconcilably divided his Protestant and his Roman Catholic friends was right or wrong. No one can now accuse the Conservative leader either of bigoted resistance to a legitimate Roman Catholic claim, or of recklessly outraging British Protestant feeling. As far as we can make out, he wishes it to be understood that he rather dislikes, and is almost tempted to disapprove, a measure which he is very unwilling to oppose. How far such a conclusion will be satisfactory to either section of Mr. DISRAELI's very composite body of adherents, is a point which it is not for us to determine. It is certainly not easy to believe that his Papal supporters will think they have got value for their allegiance to a chief who has not a single plain and hearty word to say on behalf of a measure in which they feel a strong and justifiable interest. Perhaps it may occur to Messrs. HENNESSY and MAGUIRE that a statesman who almost objects to vote 550*l.* a-year for the religious instruction of Roman Catholic prisoners cannot be trusted to make political sacrifices, or to incur political risks, in the defence of the temporal power of the POPE.

MAY DAY AT BROMPTON.

WE are not about to criticize or to describe the general contents of the International Exhibition which was opened on Thursday. *Laudamus alii*. On other occasions we shall have to say something on what constitutes the chief, and, in some respects, unapproachable excellence of the Exhibition. The collection of pictures, arrayed in galleries which, as far as their internal construction goes, is admirable, is one of surpassing interest. As representing the English school, especially in its array of Reynolds and Gainsboroughs, it may be said to be nearly complete; while it gives a very fair conception of the recent and contemporaneous French artists, and permits even those who are connoisseurs in art to learn that painting does actually exist in other European countries than those which face each other across the British Channel. At present our task is a restricted one. We have only to compare the May Day of 1862 with the May Day of 1851, and to see how the parallel stands between Hyde Park and Brompton. This is the comparison which Lord Granville, at the Mansion House, challenged, and it is a fair one. Perhaps Hyde Park and Brompton fairly represent the two things. The one has a certain aristocratic and lofty air—the other is modern, noisy, and pretentious. And as is the general effect of the two, so, not altogether with injustice, may we say are the arrangements both of the Exhibition and the opening ceremonial in the two years respectively.

No doubt, as we have more than once said, and as the universal sympathy on Thursday so unmistakably showed, the one marked deficiency and loss in this Exhibition, especially on the opening day, as contrasted with its memorable predecessor eleven years ago, is to be found in the absence of him, the great Friend of this country, to whom we owe so much, and whose presence and power on such an occasion we so much deplore. His memory was retained by the banner which was hung at the side of a throne which will never again be filled by a proud and happy wife. *Treu und Fest*, however, was written not only on perishable silk, but on an imperishable memory, but Cæsar as well as Cæsar's bust was sadly missing from the ceremony. The stately form which dignified a courtly procession, and the yet more royal mind which regulated and improved a great plan, were wanting; and the very shortcomings and mistakes of the day and of the Exhibition itself, neither less nor unimportant, only more and more attest our great national loss. It is a bootless task to recall the memory, too, of the Great Captain of these latter days, who, in loyal attendance on the Sovereign whom he had so long served, was a figure so conspicuous and popular in 1851. And why should we to-day recall, except for the sake of a mournful retrospect, the sight of our own good Queen surrounded by her fine family and in the very flush of happiness—surrounded, too, by emblems of universal peace, and anticipating for us all a future above which the little cloud had not yet begun to rise? All this is terribly changed. We live at quite another stage of history and life. A widowed Queen flies away to privacy, and almost solitude, from scenes which would only too forcibly recall a sad but memorable past; and though the Court assisted with all

the regulation Court ceremonial at the Exhibition opening on Thursday last, it was not the Royal Court of which we have so long been proud.

Nor did the contrast stop here. The relative inferiority of Fowkes's shed to Paxton's happy *capriccio* is as that of stupidity and dullness to fancy and wit; but the positive and unnecessary blunders of the present building are only the more glaring the more its uses are tested. Again, submitting to Lord Granville's hint, we are instituting no parallel between Sydenham and Brompton. Only, when we are told by the authoritative fogleman of the *claqueurs* who have for so many months and weeks daily dinned the unapproachable excellences of this building into the ears of a reluctant public, that "the necessity of covering a vast space of ground with a very limited outlay of money precluded alike external decoration or an edifice of a kind to satisfy the demands of architectural taste"—and further, when we are assured that we have in Capt. Fowkes's structure "a building admirably calculated for the purpose, combining much more striking varieties of outline than those presented by the former building with graceful colouring and excellent arrangement"—it becomes a duty to art and truth to explain why the general opinion, as well as our own, refuses to accept this splendid eulogy.

"External decoration" there is, and most expensive external decoration—only it happens to be misplaced, and to be extremely hideous. The two domes are external decoration. They do nothing for the interior, hold nothing, light nothing, cover nothing, and, for the purposes of the Exhibition, might as well have been at Mile End and Hammersmith respectively. Our charge against Captain Fowkes is that he has spent an egregious sum in mere "external decoration," and spent it very badly. If domes were wanted at all, one dome to give the building a true centre would have been preferable as well in taste as in cost. And when we are told that if a building is cheap, which this is not, it "cannot satisfy the demands of architectural taste," we demur to this view as a treason to art. If a true artist has to build a cottage for two hundred pounds, or a village church for two thousand, or a county jail for twenty thousand, he can make it a work of art. The demands of architectural taste are not measured by mere expense. The "varieties of outline" we admit, and their "striking" character we are not prepared to deny; but variety is not beauty, and striking is a word, in this instance, of significant ambiguity. As to Mr. Crace's "graceful colouring," we are constrained to admit that the more we see of it the less we like it. Not unsuitable to a small structure, it is destructive of scale as well as of aerial tint in such a large building as this. But we pass over these points of comparison, which have been selected for especial approval, to say a word on that which after all is the most important—the "excellent arrangement" which is attributed to the Exhibition. Here we take our stand, and at once declare that the whole arrangement is in every particular abominable. Indeed, the arrangement is, to use the old paradox, very nearly a success, by reason of its almost impossible badness. It reveals an audacity in bad taste which all but approaches to genius itself. Having got a nave, whatever were its external deformities, of very spacious area, of commanding height, of dignified perspective, and of noble width, it must have been an inspiration of dullness and imbecility to choke it up with those monstrous summer-houses, those ridiculous little smoking boxes and temples and piles of fleecy hosiery and wax candles, which they call trophies. Given the "trophies," it was a still higher stroke of stupidity which "arranged" them—which placed a goldsmith's shop, with contents worth perhaps a quarter of a million, and displaying art which might almost rival that of Cellini or Juan d'Arfe, the very next to the toy-maker's booth, with its penny balls and rocking-horses. "Excellent arrangement" which placed the floating beacon in the place of honour, and Gibson's Venus round the corner, in a court as difficult to find as it is to discover Corinth on an American map! "Excellent arrangement," which, having a nave only 80 feet wide, blocked it up with these abominations and left for a Royal procession two little cramped alleys at the side less than 10 feet wide! "Excellent arrangement," which permitted half a dozen four-post bedsteads, with all chamber arrangements and associations, to occupy the very centre of an International Exhibition of high art and improved manufacture!

And if we turn from the building to the contents, no doubt we shall find that, in special departments, we can with pardonable pride measure our manufactures, our science, and our industry against our achievements eleven years ago. A very slight survey even of what could be seen on Thursday suggests that in details we may well be proud. In the display of British goods we hold our own against all the world and against our past selves. It is possible that the empty cases of our foreign competitors will some day show wares which, as regards cheapness and general suitability to market purposes, may send a pang of doubt through our manufacturers' hearts; but we have no great fears on this head. Our pottery, we firmly believe, beats the whole world; and if France is still ahead of us in bronzes, and perhaps in lace and silks, and if Italy seems to be recovering its native supremacy in marble and works of art, we hope that our silversmiths have made a good race of it with the artists of Paris. In machinery we are almost without rivals; and the wondrous development of our colonies which the last decennium has consolidated sends other than golden reminiscences of its extent and quality.

But with all these facts, the question is, how, in a general aspect, the Exhibition of 1862 stands as compared with that of 1851. There are, we believe, better things now on show at Brompton in many departments, but the present Exhibition is, as

a whole, far below its predecessor. First, the arrangement is immeasurably inferior. Next, there is no longer that long, and light, and airy, and graceful nave, adorned with a vista of trees and tropical plants, and such works as Kiss's "Amazon," Osler's "Crystal Fountain," "The Greek Slave," and a perfect avenue of works of art. A wretched obelisk and hideous telescope, and the disgraceful "Godiva" in painted plaster, are poor substitutes. The really fine works of Gibson, such as the "Tinted Venus," are thrust into a corner, and Mr. Skidmore's screen—on which at present we pronounce no judgment—is the work which is likely most and earliest to impress spectators. The Koh-i-noor appears again, but it is as a choice specimen of the lapidary's skill, and no longer as the mystic talisman of the destinies of Hindostan. But in almost every way we note our present inferiority. We are ready to admit that the present exhibition of porcelain has never been surpassed, and that of iron has never been equalled; but when we are told by Lord Granville that the country is to be congratulated on its commercial activity and manufacturing success, because all this vast space is occupied, and more might have been filled, we are constrained to reply, that, as a whole, the galleries contain rubbish by the ton, and that we see no reason why sixty such Exhibitions as this could not have been filled, when the Commissioners have not thought themselves at liberty to reject contributions of goods which figure in every shopwindow, and on every stall-board in London.

Of the opening ceremonial the less said the better. As, in the matter of arrangement, we are perhaps unable to fasten the responsibility on the right shoulders, so even our criticism of the day's proceedings must be impersonal. The Commissioners are doubtless not responsible for anything. Nobody is responsible. Lords and Dukes do not stoop to these things. We suppose that Sir Charles Dilke is not responsible; nor Mr. Cole, whose name does not appear; nor Mr. Sandford, who must have had enough to do in writing letters. But somebody, though nobody knows who, is responsible for the arrangement and the ceremonial; and both must be convicted of either absolute or relative failure. The day was delicious, with just enough threatening and suspicion of rain—which, after the show was all over, became a dismal certainty—to make the six or seven midday hours of marvellous sunshine still greater, because hardly expected, boon. The Upper Ten Thousand ventured out some twenty or thirty thousand strong. Form, colour, life, and animation filled the building, and could taste have given us a few flowers and palm trees, as in the Crystal Palace of 1851, the gay little banners would have had some relief. The ladies, however, did something; and to do them only justice, the ticket holders came out very strong in the article of female finery. Telling gowns, of dimensions anything but scanty, lively bonnets not without much horticulture in flowers, and muslins and shawls of contrasted tints did their work well; and the orchestra, sparkling with bright tints, was a charming accident of arrangement and colour, not the less satisfactory because it was covered by a *velarium* which did the good office of completely concealing at least one of Captain Fowkes's big ugly domes. And there was a very fine musical display; and perhaps one person in ten who was present heard the *fortissimo* passages of Professor Bennett's setting of the Laureate's not very successful ode. And there was a procession thin, straggling, and disjointed, in which the absentees were the most conspicuous—no advantage having been taken of the presence of the Japanese officials, who certainly might have been asked (especially that sublime personage with two swords) to walk as brother statesmen in procession, next to Mr. Lowe and Mr. Disraeli, who fraternally stepped shoulder to shoulder in the ranks of P. C.'s.

These, however, are mere shortcomings and omissions. Grave complaints remain to be indited, especially by those indignant and much suffering persons, or rather personages, who allowed themselves to listen to the voice of the siren and deceitful secretary Sandford, on the vain promise of reserved seats on condition of appearing in official, academic, or Court dress. Their sufferings and sacrifices met with a shabby return. Many were the middle-aged bucks and dandies who swallowed this bait. There was one gentleman who actually figured in an academic gown and a hood lined with brown silk, and, we believe, presented to the world's gaze the first living specimen of a M.A. of the University of London. Also there were Common Councilmen of London and Town Councillors from the provinces, who appeared in the vanities of blue cloaks trimmed with fur, and the poms of wives expansive in person and petticoat. Then, again, there were at least a dozen clergymen, whom nobody knew, in square cap and cassock, looking, we are bound to add, very much ashamed of themselves. Besides these, there were many middle-aged fathers of families who for this day only invested themselves in Court dresses, rather shrunk and skimped, of the date of George IV.—that consulship of Plancus of their hot youth; and their honest portly forms suffered much from these slim and graceful habiliments of a past age. And they endured much heat, and looked very red, and waxed very warm in temper as the terrible fact revealed itself that the seats promised to their elegant costume were, after all, not reserved, and that though certain galleries were supposed to be kept for these distinguished martyrs to bagwigs and the *culotte courte*, no reservation had been made, and that block A or block B meant nothing because somebody had forgot to put up the letters in the galleries to fit the tickets. And then there were great mistakes between block X in the south-eastern tower and block Q in the north-western. And then those who saw the throne growled fearfully that they could not hear the orchestra; and those who heard Auber all but swore because they could not join in the pious orisons of Bishop

Tait; and the people in the galleries who had reserved tickets thought the people down-stairs were best off, and *vice versa*. And so, on all sides, surged up the groans of the fashionable Britons bursting with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness; and the gentlemen in bagwigs got as short in temper as in breeches, and declared, not altogether without reason, that they were invited on official faith and only got the worst seats in exchange for showing off in their best clothes. Rumours are rife of an indignation meeting in Belgravia, at which some insulted representative of the cream of the cream of London will propose a memorial to the Royal Commissioners on the wrongs of their aggrieved order; and we may shortly expect a threnody from Tennyson on the theme, "Pity the sorrows of a poor bagwig," on the Evil May-day of the fashionable world. Indeed, from all that we can hear and from much that we saw, we are afraid that the Commissioners have made a dreadful embroglio both of their invitations and of their contradictory orders about official dress, and about the reserved seats, and about Costa and Bennett, and about the procession, and about everything in which mistakes were possible, not forgetting the Brompton Road—always and in all places making an exception in favour of the police arrangements, which were Sir Richard Mayne's, and not theirs.

THE ENGLISH ABROAD.

AMONG the English who go on the Continent, there are two or three classes as familiar to most of us as the sort of persons who walk down the Strand. There are the broken-down shabby genteel people who set up their tent in a cheap French or German town, and pass a wretched existence in flirting, fighting over a chaplain, and comparing their beggarly contrivances to seem richer than they are. There are the great people and the sham great people who take the capitals of Europe by turn, and go to Paris and Vienna simply because they are tired of, or are expelled from, London. There is, again, the happy holiday crowd which rushes for an outing up and down the Rhine, and talks of glaciers and moraines. But none of these people are very characteristic of England. They are abroad without having any especial reason for being so. They use the Continent as a place of refuge—a Zoar from severe morals and duns and *ennui*—or else as a great Champ de Mars, in which they exercise themselves and strengthen their insular muscles. But there are also English people who live on the Continent in a much more serious way—who are compelled by business to be there, or who have wishes and tastes that can only be gratified by the treasures which some foreign capitals possess. It is from persons like these, and not from the seekers after pleasure, or cheapness, or health, that foreigners chiefly get their ideas of what Englishmen are. For they alone are brought into relations more important than that of dinner at tables-d'hôte with Continentals, and more intimate than that of grinding up the same mountain road, or waiting in the waiting-room of the same station. They also alone exhibit to English observers how the English character really stands with reference to Continental trials, and troubles, and pleasures, and alone show the real oddities and weaknesses and strength of Englishmen. They are by no means a set of people to be very enthusiastic about; but yet there are many of them who extort respect and admiration from Continentals, even where they fail to win affection.

First of all there is the diplomatic body, who naturally attract most of the attention of foreigners. They may well regard with wonder that marvellous creature—the ordinary British attaché. It is the peculiar hobby of younger diplomatists to care nothing for their profession. They seldom even condescend to know the people of the country in which they reside. If a few great ladies are fashionable they go to their parties, simply because it might be supposed that they were not invited if they did not go. They let themselves be seen where being seen is a credit to them. But as for taking any interest in the people whom they come across, or visiting where they are not obliged, or knowing anyone because that person could tell them something worth hearing about the country, they no more think of it than the King of Siam thinks of the debates of the House of Commons. They rarely take the trouble to learn the language, and still more rarely read the literature of the country to which they have been sent. Why should they, so long as they are placed in a world where French will do for conversation with all educated people in anything like diplomatic altitudes, and where French novels are produced in an inexhaustible quantity? As a general rule, the British attaché holds the politics of the Continent in the utmost contempt. He contents himself with some one sweeping phrase, such as that the French require a despotism, that the Germans are paralyzed by their Bund, or that the Italians are mad about national unity. It is a very troublesome task to understand the real state of things in a foreign country, and the attaché will not take the trouble. He does not feel any call on him to do so, or any use in doing it. If he did, he might find that, just as he was beginning to make himself master of the situation, he was moved to a new station, and had to begin all over again. The Continentals therefore see, in those whom England sends to represent her, the very Englishmen who most undisguisedly proclaim that things Continental are purely indifferent and uninteresting to them. The ordinary travelling Englishman likes to pick up a little information, but then he has the pleasure of novelty, which the attaché has exhausted, and he can stop when he likes, and get the Continentals off his mind altogether, whereas the attaché, if he once holds himself out as desirous of information, cannot turn round

at a moment's notice, and tell his well-meaning and anxious informants that he is sick of the whole thing. In the young diplomatist, therefore, the foreigner sees the most bored and cold and unsympathetic of all Englishmen, and the character is not encouraging. On the other hand, these young attachés make themselves respected. They are absolutely incorruptible; and a person who would under no circumstances accept a bribe, however disguised, is worth looking at on the Continent. Then they are remote from the faintest suspicion of political intrigues. They cannot be supposed to be labouring in an unfair way for the advancement of English interests, as they obviously do not labour at all. There is nothing to be got from them, and nothing they wish to get; and the Continentals are so accustomed to the contemplation of petty manœuvring that they cannot help respecting, while they wonder at, people who abstain from it.

Business, and especially the construction of great public works, has introduced to the acquaintance of the Continent another large class of Englishmen. Europe, from Calais to Constantinople, has been overrun by a legion of engineers, surveyors, contractors, and company-mongers. Of course, there are honest and eminent and trustworthy men among the number, but the men are not calculated to give a very favourable impression. After we have exhausted a short list of well-known names, we come upon a smaller fry who have made the Continental world very sick of English capitalists and their myrmidons. The foreigners have been in many instances pillaged and humbugged and left in the lurch by English adventurers to an extent that is not very creditable to the English name. The great reason is that the Continent has, in two ways, offered a very favourable field for thriving on human credulity. In the first place, foreigners are profoundly ignorant of England. They merely know that English people are very rich, and they would like to get hold of some English money if they could. They, therefore, lend a willing ear to every plausible tale. An adventurer without sixpence comes, describes himself as a millionaire, boasts that he has the Bank of England under his thumb, and that Palmerston will order the Mediterranean fleet wherever he pleases. Ah, says the charmed foreigner, we know your Bank of England, we know your Palmerston—and so they do; but they do not know that the Englishman addressing them has about as much to do with the Bank of England as he has with the Lamaserai of Khounboom. They accept his overtures and grant him a concession. He treats their little difficulties with the most lordly indifference. He speaks of a tunnel through the Alps, a viaduct ten miles long, or the filling up an arm of the sea, as if English enterprise and a few hundred francs would soon settle trifles of that sort. The Continentals are delighted, and begin rather to despise their granite rocks and their bottomless lagoons, which they used to think presented engineering difficulties. They know an Englishman that treats these little obstacles as mere child's play, and in a month or two their railway will be made. The adventurer comes to England, and announces that he has got hold of a really good thing. He has done the Continentals, and can offer a concession that is worth a fortune. Puffing and jobbing get up a company with a little money, about a tenth perhaps of that which is required. Then the works are commenced and everyone is happy. The tunnel is going to be made the next week, and the lagoons are to be crossed the week after. Suddenly the money stops. There are no more works done—there is no one paid for what he has done. Everyone is ruined except the adventurer and his friends, who retire to Peckham or Clapham as rich bankrupts with a comfortable independence. Thenceforth the views of the suffering Continentals as to English honesty and English capital are not quite so bright and enthusiastic as they were. Fortunately, the possibility of such things happening grows daily less as foreigners gain a sad experience; and, as a general rule, the Governments of France, or Germany, or Italy, will now lend their countenance to none but sound enterprises. Still the memory of the past survives, and the British contractor and jobber is not a favourite in most Continental countries.

Much the most creditable set of Englishmen residing abroad are those who go there because they find in some foreign country facilities for studying literature or art which they cannot find elsewhere. Some people like a literary or artistic life, even when they do not care to write books, or have not the ability to use the chisel or the paintbrush. A foreign, and especially an Italian town, has great attractions for them. In the first place, the climate and the beauty of everything give them constant delight. If a person is born with a keen sensitiveness to sweet sights and sounds and scents, life is doubled in its harvest of pleasures by a residence in a country where eye and ear are constantly delighted. The mass of people with a literary and artistic turn are merely receptive and have no creative power. In Italy they can gratify their receptive faculties. They need not pretend to create in order to feel that their intellect has its proper play. They can find food for the mind and constant occupation without being goaded by a sense of duty into writing a book that is worthless, or painting a wretched picture. In England, literature and art are held to come to nothing unless they take the form of production. But in Italy they are merely the enjoyment and occupation of the individual. It is a common notion in England that such a life abroad is somehow wrong. The person leading it is said to do no good. Of course, if he neglects obvious duties in England to go to Italy, he does neglect these duties and there is an end of the question. He cannot at once be neglecting duties and acting rightly. But, supposing he is quite free to choose his place and manner of life, it is still thought more morally right that he should live at Cheltenham than that he should live at

Florence. The feeling that dictates this opinion is a very natural one. We owe ourselves to our country, and England has the first claim on us. And there might be nothing to say to this unless it were true—as it is true—that England gains greatly by the residence abroad of Englishmen with serious tastes and pursuits. Persons of this sort afford the most ready and the most pure channel through which the thoughts of the English nation and of foreign nations mingle with each other. Foreigners will not show their best side except to those who show their best side to them, and it is only when they can find English people desirous and worthy of a real intimacy that they glide into those confidential relations of daily intercourse in which the real character and the deeper feelings of men and women are developed.

THE CRITIC OF THE RECESS.

TO review a review is a work on which we should not enter, except when the provocation is such as to overbear all ordinary rules and scruples. Under all common circumstances, it is best to say what we have to say about a book ourselves, and to let others say unnoticed what they have to say, whether agreeing with or differing from our own criticisms. But all rules have their exceptions, and such an exception is supplied by a review in a late number of the *Times* now lying before us. When Parliament adjourns and several columns of the *Times* are thereby left empty, the literary critic betakes himself to fill up the aching void. Several reviews of books have naturally appeared during the present Recess. But there is only one of which we have anything to say. This is the one which has for its subject Mr. Wright's late very useful and handsome volume on the *History of Domestic Manners and Sentiments*. Of the merits of Mr. Wright's book we spoke our mind some months back, and we do not find that the critic of the *Times* is much inclined to dispute our favourable judgment. There are people, however, by whom one had rather be found fault with than praised, and the critic of the *Times* is one of them. We really never saw, even in the *Times*, such a tissue of flippant ignorance and vulgar striving after fine writing. The great historical instructor to whose divining rod we owe the famous discoveries about King Æthelred and Earl Leofric must surely have given way to some enchanter more potent still.

The critic is evidently one of that unlucky sort who know absolutely nothing of the subject on which they write, except what they have just picked up from the book which they have immediately under review. Of course such a critic is wholly incapable of anything like criticism in the strict sense. He can neither praise nor blame with any effect, because he has no real idea what are the merits of the book, and what are its defects. The author may put forth the most important discoveries, and the critic cannot appreciate them. He may fall into the most grotesque blunders, and the critic cannot find them out. It is into the hands of this sort of judge that Mr. Wright has fallen. Mr. Wright's real merits and real faults are utterly beyond his discernment. As it happens, Mr. Wright's book contains no very brilliant discoveries, and no very marked errors. But, if it had been full of both, the *Times*' critic could never have found out either. The book is simply a careful collection—the result of much research—of many curious particulars in the manners and customs of our forefathers. Such a collection naturally contains many things which seem strange at the present day. To the critic, this is simply so much material for bad jokes. He looks at the vision of past ages supplied him by Mr. Wright in the same spirit of vulgar shallowness with which the worst class of travellers look at foreign countries. The "Saxon" is to the *Times* just what the "Frenchman" is to the very lowest sort of Englishman. He is a strange sort of animal, to be wondered at, laughed at, and at best pitied in a contemptuous kind of way, if he does not always do exactly as we do ourselves. What queer fellows people were who lived a thousand years ago! What capital jokes a smart writer can make out of their odd ways! We had really rather have one of the old solemn homilies about Popish superstition and Gothic barbarism than a facetious article by one who, after going through Mr. Wright's book, can find no better conclusion than, "Good heavens, what beasts these ancients were!"

Perhaps we were not quite accurate in saying that the *Times* did not reverse our favourable judgment of Mr. Wright; for the critic ends by "recommending it as a readable and amusing, though slight, compilation." What may be meant by "slight" we do not know; it is just one of those catch-words without any particular meaning, by which small critics think that they show off their own superiority to their author. But Mr. Wright's book is certainly not a "compilation" in the common sense of the word. He writes too much ever to produce anything absolutely first-rate; but this book, like all his writings, shows clear signs of real original reading. Of course, we do not expect a *Times* critic, any more than we should expect a Head of a College, to know what original reading means; but there is no doubt that Mr. Wright knows very well. Mr. Wright's critic wonders that Mr. Wright can tell us so little about what he calls this "most fugitive and unobtrusive class of facts," and he is sorry that he cannot send a reporter to take down the conversation of Beowulf and his friends. Such a reporter, he thinks, would give us something much more valuable than the poem of Beowulf itself. We confess that we cannot share the regret. It is enough to have seen the writings of Tœqueville translated into the dialect of penny-a-liners. We do not wish to see the same process extended either to Beowulf or the *Iliad*.

Mr. Wright, unluckily, keeps to the old fashion of using the words "Anglo-Saxon," and even "Saxon" alone, in a chrono-

logical sense—namely, to mean Englishmen who lived before 1066, as distinguished from those who lived after. This is of course a great pity, but we should not be harsh upon a writer for simply not adopting a novel and somewhat bold course. The misfortune is that this sort of language always conveys to ignorant people, like the *Times* critic, the notion that “the Saxons” were something utterly past and gone—a different nation, if not a different species, from ourselves. “This last circumstance [that is, that umbrellas were known in those days] is perhaps the most curious of all we know or are likely to know of the worthy Saxons.” The umbrellas, then, it is a comfort to learn, are something still more curious than King Æthelred’s Grand Jury. But what mortal man would speak in this way if he only understood that a “Saxon” simply means an Englishman speaking an earlier form of our own language, and living under an earlier form of our own laws? It is most certain that no Frenchman, or Russian, or Dane, or Greek, or Italian would speak in this strange, half-contemptuous, half-patronizing way of those from whom he is, or fancies himself, descended. The only parallel is the wonderful way in which the worst sort of Americans sometimes talk of “the Britishers,” as of something with which they have nothing whatever to do.

A later review in the *Times* tells us that the “English of the present day, in remote districts, may be considered as a representative of the English of the Heptarchy.” We fully appreciate the distinction. The “English of remote districts” is still English. What the English of Printing-house Square may be, no power short of Professor Müller can venture to determine. This very Easter the language has been enriched with the verb to “interpellate,” which, to be sure, should have come before the substantive “interpellation.” We suppose we shall soon have to “ovate,” and, maybe, “to demonstrate,” in the sense of to kick up a row. So, Mr. Wright’s critic wants to know how the companions of Beowulf “deported themselves, what was said or sung [the critic has been getting up rubrics], and with what gestures and interpolations [we suspect a misspelling in this last word], and whether it be the poetry or the mead which most conduced to their satisfaction.” This last clause is a real triumph. We do not profess to reckon how many degrees its author is removed from what he calls “this embryo Saxon society.”

Mr. Wright calls his book a *History of Domestic Manners and Sentiments*; so his critic is all agog to find out about the “sentiments” of these mysterious “Saxons.” Perhaps Mr. Wright’s word was not very well chosen, but he certainly is not answerable for the very strange tacks on which his critic has thought good to run off:—

Though we can identify to this day the Saxon derivatives of many of our houses and much of our crockery-ware, this helps us little as regards the sentiments of the originators of these familiar types. They have left us some memorials of their manners; but, substantially speaking, their sentiments on a great variety of subjects are lost to us, and there is little trace of them, even in their barrows and sepulchral surroundings.

We may except, indeed, one important particular, which shows that the Saxons were eminently social—viz., that dining in private was always considered disgraceful, and is mentioned as a blot in a man’s moral character. It was an odd estimate of solitary vice, but it was scarcely more remarkable than the fact that a man was equally blamed for shirking the twisted ale-cup after dinner was over. We see by the story of King Edwy that it was considered a mark of effeminacy to retire from the company in the hall after dinner, to seek more quiet amusement in the chamber, where the men rejoined the ladies of the family. Vast indeed was the consumption of mead and ale under these social conditions, and we suspect that the sentiments of the ancient Saxons were considerably thickened in their utterance before they turned into the bowers of their fair Rowenas. We know that they frequently quarrelled in their cups, from allusions in their poems, of which Mr. Wright quotes several from the Exeter Manuscript. But what their sentiments were, short of fuddledom and its pugnacious tendencies, it would be interesting to know, and there are few records to help us. Mr. Wright suggests that the Saxon had few chattels that were not portable, from apprehensions of piracy, and we should like to know in what light he regarded the Danes and spoke of their propensities to his wife and children. Moreover, it was not an uncommon experience, when he was ploughing the land round the nunnery to which his sisters had retired, to turn up an illegitimate manure in the shape of decomposed babies, which were suggestive of the tendencies of his monastic institutions. We should much like to know what, under such circumstances as these, was his secret opinion of his saints—his St. Waltheofs and St. Walburgas.

As a piece of English, a piece of criticism, and a piece of history, this extract stands really unrivalled. We leave our readers to deal with the style; they can judge of “fuddledom” and its pugnacious tendencies just as well as we can. But there are one or two points which lie a little below the surface. Why “the bowers of their fair Rowenas?” We suppose this is high-polite for “wives;” but why “Rowenas?” Why not Eadgyths and Æthelgifs? Because the *Times* critic is so utterly ignorant of the manners, sentiments, language, history, and everything else, of the people of whom he writes, as to think that Rowena was the most likely name for an Englishwoman at any time between the fifth and the eleventh century. He had read about Vortigern and Rowena in Mrs. Markham—he had read about an imaginary Rowena in *Ivanhoe*—and he thought he was writing something very smart when he was simply displaying his ignorance. So, again, “his saints”—his St. Waltheofs and St. Walburgas. Why, of all the names in the world, should he have hit upon these two? St. Walburga is hopeless. She was certainly born in England, but her fame is much more German than English; and we can only guess that the critic wished to insinuate in a delicate way that he had heard of such a thing as the *Walpurgis-Nacht*. But we think that we have hit upon the very subtle clue which led to the choice of “St. Waltheof.” At first sight it is not very clear how “the Saxon’s” opinion as to the morals of the nuns could affect his opinion as to the merits of the great

Earl of Northumberland and Northampton. To be sure, Waltheof’s wicked widow founded a nunnery after his death, but that connexion is really too subtle. Then the form “St. Waltheof” is unusual, and hardly orthodox. The Earl was certainly never canonized, though the English held him for a martyr, and though he became the object of a sort of local worship at Crowland. Then Waltheof’s martyrdom did not happen till 1076, and by that time, on the chronological system, there were no more “Saxons” left—the people who lived then were “Normans.” Altogether, “St. Waltheof” is the very oddest saint to have lighted upon that could possibly be found. But we fancy we have found out the reason. The critic is doubtless well versed in the lighter literature of the day, and he can now and then descend from *Ivanhoe* to the minor writings of Mr. Thackeray. Among these is an illustrated book called *Our Street*. One of the pictures represents a curate surrounded by a circle of admiring young ladies. The Curate is called the Curate of “St. Waltheof’s.” One of the damsels asks him if it is a sin to be in the Guards. He very properly says No, and proves his case by the examples of “our patron St. Waltheof,” St. Louis, and divers other saints, all of whom, he truly says, were soldiers. Now Mr. Thackeray doubtless hit upon “St. Waltheof” as the most out-of-the-way name he could think of. The joke was not a particularly good one, but Mr. Thackeray is quite accurate in so much of history as he brings in. The *Times* critic was too ignorant to know anything about Earl Waltheof; he was too dull to understand Mr. Thackeray’s joke; so he actually carried off “St. Waltheof” as the typical “Saxon” saint, and no doubt thought that in “his St. Waltheofs and St. Walburgas” he had hit upon a wonderfully clever ending for his paragraph.

A more serious matter than mere ignorance and bad taste is the vile calumny contained in the sentence just preceding that about Waltheof. Of this we believe Mr. Wright to be wholly guiltless. At least we can say that two people have looked specially through those chapters of Mr. Wright’s book which relate to the “Saxons,” and neither of them can find anything of the sort. If it lurks in any other part of the book, it can prove nothing as to the “Saxons.” Till we are shown chapter and verse for it, we shall believe it to be some wretched slander which the *Times* critic has picked up at Exeter Hall. It is unluckily true that there have been, and possibly still are, such things as monks and nuns faithless to their vows, but that the normal state of things was ever, in any time or place, what the *Times* insinuates, is an invention which can only have sprung from the diseased imagination of a Protestant controversialist. Let us grant one such case, exaggerated as it would be in the fervid rhetoric of some indignant contemporary reformer—a thing about as safe to take literally as the statements of Lord Shaftesbury himself—still nothing short of the stupid malignity of the *Times* critic could convert it into “not an uncommon experience.”

We will only add, for the benefit of the *Times* critic and of Mr. Wright’s other unlearned readers, that the time of “the Saxons” was spread over more than six hundred years—that Hengest was as far removed from Harold as Henry the Third is from ourselves—and that, though change doubtless did not work quite so fast in the one set of six centuries as in the other, still we may suppose that there was a considerable difference between the manners and sentiment of Englishmen in the fifth century and those of Englishmen in the eleventh.

OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN.

THE events of the last few weeks are calculated to throw the minds of civilians into an incurable bewilderment as to the meaning of these two inseparable words. It appears that poor Captain Robertson, after all, has not been guilty of “conduct unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman,” in spite of the decision of the court-martial to the contrary. This conflict of authorities is exceedingly distressing; for this is a question which must be decided entirely by authority. The characteristics of an officer and a gentleman are something much too recondite and abstruse to be calculated by any antecedent reasoning. The civilian who wishes to cultivate a military sense of honour has no other resource but to guide himself by the decisions of the court-martial and the Horse Guards; and, when these two oracles differ, he is in as deplorable a condition as a pious Roman Catholic, who finds a Pope and a Council anathematizing each other. It is quite clear that both these authorities cannot be right; and as there was little material controversy upon the facts as to this part of the case, it is evident that they differ upon the qualities which constitute an officer and a gentleman. If the Horse Guards are right, as we are bound rather to believe, it follows that General Gordon and his seven Colonels and seven Majors don’t know an officer and a gentleman when they see him. What chance has a poor subaltern or a simple civilian of attaining to a knowledge, in which these learned Multis have broken down? If we turn from the conflict of sentences to the facts, the perplexity becomes more overwhelming still. Captain Robertson was charged, on two counts, with having been grossly and publicly insulted by Colonel Dickson, and not having obtained redress. The first count charged him with not having submitted the matter “to superior military authority,” according to a recent Article of War. The second charged him with having “failed to take the proper lawful steps to vindicate his character.” The court-martial found him not guilty upon the first count, and guilty upon the second. It is a curious subject of speculation, what idea these learned judges formed of “the proper lawful means” which Captain Robertson failed to take. Their own decision acquits him of having neglected the means suggested by the

Articles of War. As a matter of fact he did apply for a court of inquiry, and his superior officers refused to hold one. The perplexed civilian will in vain inquire what "other proper lawful means" were open to him. If a man, noted for amiable controversies of the kind, calls out to you in the front hall of your club that you are a coward, what are the proper lawful means of proving that you are not a coward? To kick your accuser, or any other Englishman down stairs, in illustration of your valour, would certainly not satisfy the condition of legality. Must you join Garibaldi? or go up in a balloon at Rotherhithe? or travel for ten consecutive days by the Brighton Railway through the Clayton tunnel? Or what other hair-brained exploit must you perform in expiation of having been called a coward by an "officer and a gentleman?" No doubt General Gordon and his fourteen field officers had formed a very distinct idea of the lawful and proper process they would go through for the rehabilitation of their characters, if they should ever have the misfortune at the same hour in the evening to foregather with Colonel Dickson. But they carefully kept it to themselves. So did the Judge-Advocate; so did the prosecutor; and so did every witness who was examined for the prosecution. It was a mysterious secret which nobody would reveal. The prisoner in vain asked to have it pointed out to him. He was arraigned by the direction of the highest military authorities in Ireland for omitting to adopt it. That he did omit to adopt it was proved, after a trial of twenty-eight days, to the satisfaction of a court-martial composed of a Brigadier and fourteen field officers, and for his neglect of it he was sentenced to be cashiered. But what the fateful "it" was upon which such a ponderous process rested, and such formidable consequences turned, was never breathed by mortal lips within that court. Docile subalterns, who shall hereafter meet with a Colonel Dickson, may study the records of the trial with eager eyes, anxious to discover how they may propitiate so merciless a tribunal; but neither in those records, nor in the Articles of War, nor in any other official document will they find even the obscurest indication of the nature of the "lawful and proper means" on the adoption of which depends their escape from ignominious ruin.

One solution, indeed, of the mystery there is, which must be mentioned only to be laid aside. Superficial reasoners might gather from the evidence that Captain Robertson was brought to trial, and was condemned to the utmost penalties which the Court could inflict, because he did not fight a duel. The theory that, when a man is insulted, he is bound to give his insulter the opportunity of putting a bullet into him into the bargain was, in a less civilized age, prevalent in certain classes of society, and may possibly still lurk in some military brains, in which, as is frequently the case in such organizations, the reasoning faculty is abnormally minute. But the supposition that the Court-Martial were really trying Captain Robertson for not fighting a duel is quite inadmissible. It is true that throughout the whole trial Captain Robertson seemed to be of that opinion; for he devoted all his efforts to the task of showing that it was through no fault of his that a challenge was not sent to Colonel Dickson. It is also true that his prosecutor, Colonel Bentinck, appeared to think so; for he laboured hard to establish an opposite conclusion. But it is incredible that General Gordon's Court-Martial can have deliberately set the Articles of War at defiance. Still more incredible that they can have been guilty of condemning to ruin a man who was at their mercy, upon a charge which no one had ventured publicly to make, and which they themselves did not venture publicly to discuss. The prosecutor, Colonel Brownrigg, who performed his office with an animosity which nothing but a soldier's privilege of frankness could justify, distinctly disavowed any such accusation against the prisoner in his speech. It is impossible that he can have endeavoured by his evidence to establish an imputation which he repudiated all intention of making. At least if these "officers and gentlemen" have been guilty of such conduct towards an unpopular victim, that mysterious title requires a totally new definition to bring them within its range.

There are many other circumstances in this remarkable trial which will puzzle a civilian in search of an explanation of military honour. For some reason or other, there had been a cabal against Captain Robertson in his regiment. It appears from the evidence of the Adjutant Harran, who was at the head of it, to have had very little to do with the Dickson insult. What the cause of it was lies hidden in the same mystery as the omission for which Captain Robertson was cashiered. It seems that at an archery meeting at Birmingham some of the officers heard something at which they were very indignant, and that thereupon several of them conceived a strong desire to turn Captain Robertson out of the regiment. What it was may well perplex the sharpest guesser. It was something that was not bad enough for superior interference, and it was something upon which ladies could be, and were, consulted. What the charge was, however, is little to the purpose. It is from the way in which it was handled by his brother officers that we wish to deduce, for the benefit of civilians, the mode of proceeding which it is characteristic of "officers and gentlemen" to adopt. In the first place, they heard it upon mere rumour, which they did not attempt to sift. In the second place, they did not attempt to obtain any explanation of it from Captain Robertson himself. Instead of that, they proceeded, with the full privity of their commander, Colonel Bentinck, to draw up a round robin against the accused, demanding that the power of the Commander-in-Chief should be invoked to drive him from the service. But this document, to which the Colonel

himself canvassed for signatures, was of such a character that even after its presentation the accused was never allowed to read it, for fear of legal consequences. When the Court-Martial came on this honourable composition was of course called for. But the Adjutant had, "by the advice of some ladies," destroyed it two days before the Court-Martial opened. This is, by their own confession, the kind of warfare which the officers of the 4th Dragoon Guards practise, in dealing with the character and the prospects of a brother officer. A civilian might have thought it desirable to ascertain the truth of a rumour before using it to blast a man's reputation, and to destroy his future career. If the civilian was very scrupulous, he might even have deemed it necessary to confront the accuser and the accused; or at least to hear the accused in his own defence. If he was very squeamish he might have disliked the attempt to bring down upon a man ignominy and ruin by the concoction of a round robin. If a civilian had been in Colonel Bentinck's place, he might have shrunk from suppressing letters which had been entrusted to him to forward, or from attempting by studied insults and extravagant exercises of military authority to worry a man into a resignation which he had no power to enforce. He might even have thought it beneath the dignity of a Colonel to intrigue against one of his own officers, and secretly aid in getting up the round robin ostensibly addressed to himself for his own observation. There is no knowing what scruples a civilian's mind might have conceived. We have far from exhausted the list. But this is evidently not the way they manage things in a society of "officers and gentlemen."

Whether Captain Robertson is guilty or innocent of charges, which have not, publicly, been distinctly enumerated, we, of course, cannot express an opinion. But it is clear that the most innocent man that ever lived might fall a victim to the system of secret persecution which has prevailed in the 4th Dragoon Guards. No officer's character is proof against secret memorials based on unauthenticated rumours, and backed by the whole power of powerful military commanders. The best reputation may be stabbed by such weapons as secret cabals, documents used and then suppressed, and *non mi ricordo* evidence. The Irish papers intimate that certain aristocratic prejudices are at the bottom of the systematic persecution to which Captain Robertson has been exposed. Whether this has been so in fact or not, it is obvious that the machinery employed by the officers of the 4th Dragoon Guards is admirably calculated for such an end.

ADVICE.

ROUGHLY speaking, we may perhaps divide society into two classes — men who are advised, and men who advise — advice-seekers and advice-givers. Let us first take into consideration the class of advice-seekers. Who are they, and what is their object? You will answer offhand that a man who seeks advice is precisely in the position of one who has lost his way, and wants a guide or a finger-post. But the analogy will not hold good in numberless cases. For example, why does a man ask for advice on the eve of taking an important step? Very often simply in order to throw the responsibility of deciding on other shoulders than his own. If the advice have a fortunate issue, the adviser need never know anything of it. The advisee takes all the credit of the decision to himself. If the advice lead to failure or misfortune, the adviser is saddled with all the blame, and never hears the last of his error. Here is one advantage of seeking and obtaining advice. There is somebody to call to account; somebody to hold responsible for whatever happens; somebody on whose head to pour out the vials of mortified vanity, and the bitterness of baffled hopes. Men often, then, seek advice to lessen their own responsibility. They are, however, willing to accept the best advice offered; but the case is different with another class of advice-seekers — those who act upon the honoured precedent of never refusing to listen to argument when they have made up their minds — "because then it can do no harm." It may seem strange that such men should ask for advice at all. But let it be borne in mind that to ask advice of a man is to pay a compliment both to his judgment and to his knowledge of the question at issue. The compliment may be partly cancelled by non-compliance with the advice given, but not wholly so. Even an empty compliment has a sort of savour that tickles the palate of many.

Perhaps, as a rule, most advice-seekers have pretty well made up their mind on the subject on which they consult you. Their object is to please you, and to secure your good will, where it is of any value, by offering homage to your mental and moral worth. Or, it may be, their object is to maintain themselves on terms of friendly intimacy with you, where the intimacy is advantageous to them — or to elicit reciprocal confidence on your part, whether from mere curiosity or to influence your conduct in a matter of interest to them — or simply to fortify their own minds by reciting aloud the reasons which have induced them to come to a decision which they wish you to believe is not yet taken. In all these cases there is no desire, and certainly no intention, of profiting by anything you may have to say. This may be ascertained with the greatest facility. Before you give your advice, make it a *sine qua non* that your advice shall be followed. The immediate embarrassment, if not annoyance, evinced by the advice-seeker will prove that the homage paid to your judgment was little else than mockery — the confidence reposed in you only a hollow form. It is not necessary to conclude that, because such a man recoils in disgust from the notion of pledging himself to take your advice, he is bent on wilfully deceiv-

ing you. Often it is so. But sometimes the man has really never thought of the matter at all — has never realised for an instant the idea of following the advice he was so anxious to extract from you. The question, "Will you promise to be guided by me?" at once puts the matter in its true light, and, whilst it undeceives the advice-seeker, will probably save you much waste of time and thought. There are instances, again, where a man who has almost made up his mind that a step he wishes to take is either unwise or wrong, seeks your counsel in the hope of your throwing out something to dissipate his scruples or reverse his half-formed decision. Such a man will readily promise to follow your advice, for, if it coincides with his inclinations, it will be at once a salve for his conscience and a makeweight for a judgment that was trembling in the balance.

This brings us, however, to another class of advice-seekers — that of men who want to hear what you have to say upon a point that perplexes them, but intend to take your words exactly at their proper worth, neither more nor less. The compliment paid in consulting you is not in this case very high. Your advice will be estimated at its intrinsic worth, and accepted or rejected accordingly. Nor is it always an indication, when a man consults you, that he thinks you wiser or better than himself. Sometimes it is very much the reverse. Sydney Smith's notion of a foolometer was no less wise than witty. It is a substantial advantage to learn on some subjects the unbiased and instinctive opinion of men rather below than above the average of mankind in intellect and sound judgment. "Do you see that stream of people passing down the street?" said the thriving quack to the unemployed surgeon anxious to learn the causes of the other's success. "How many are fools — how many are wise? Perhaps five per cent. are wise. These are your patients — the rest are mine." In consulting men rather below than above the average as to intellect, it is not meant that their views should govern your own convictions, but simply that they should influence your practice. This sounds immoral, but it need not be so. For example, there are two ways of doing things — a pleasant and an unpleasant one. It is important that you should ascertain what is one and what the other. In these days, the statesman is very much in the position of the actor, whose task it is so happily hit off in Johnson's line — "For those who live to please must please to live." Half the art of modern statesmanship consists in "making things pleasant," and no one, barring a few notorious blunders, has manifested the art more conspicuously or practised it more successfully than Lord Palmerston. It may be objected that on some occasions he has carried almost the whole nation with him, and that he must then at least have consulted the feelings of men above the average. But it does not follow, because you shape your course by the notions held on a given subject by common-place men, that such notions may not often coincide with the convictions of men of higher stamp. Majorities are sometimes in the right; and majorities will in such cases embrace many of the best as well as most of the worst of the people of a country.

We have said that, in a rough way, mankind might be divided into advice-seekers and advice-givers. Let us now turn to the latter class. Advice-givers certainly fill a void. Not that we mean by advice-givers men who occasionally give advice. There are few who are not called upon to do this. Indeed, the saying is very true that there is nothing of which men are more liberal than of their counsel. But the reader will readily distinguish between men who give an opinion when asked for, or tender counsel on an emergency, and men who make it their business to give advice, are ever on the watch to do so, and do it with a relish. Such men count that they have lost a day when they reflect, on retiring to rest, that they have given nobody any advice during the last twelve hours. To advise is their vocation — the end and aim of their existence — their solace in affliction, and a vent for their excitement in prosperity. It would be a great mistake to suppose that men swayed by this chronic anxiety to give advice are necessarily actuated by any benevolent motive. The majority of such men are not in the least anxious for the welfare of those they advise, except so far as the result may throw credit or discredit on themselves. They are neither more benevolent than their neighbours, nor less so. They simply feel pleasure in giving advice. They enjoy pouring forth, without fuss or hurry, to a moderately attentive ear, a leisurely stream of words on a subject that admits of being discussed, and can be balanced first on one side and then on the other, and finally turned bodily inside out. The passion for giving advice begins early in life. Pope "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," and the advice-giver is equally precocious. A fifth or sixth form boy will affectionately walk a youngster up and down the empty school-room or secluded corridor, and lecture him earnestly on the folly of idleness and the dignity of study. But should the youngster venture to resume the subject on the following day, or even claim the honour of being acquainted with his mentor, he will find himself — to use the playful language of schoolboys — "kicked into the middle of next week." The paroxysm of advice-giving is over, and the patient recipient of so much valuable counsel subsides into the common herd of boys, uncared for and forgotten. Some advice-givers are cautious, and take care not to commit themselves to a definite opinion. They put both sides of the question in a fair light, then weave round one and the other a network of words, and finally reduce the whole to a state of uncertainty. The inquirer — if the person addressed be an inquirer — takes his leave and goes his way, not only in the dark as to the solution of his difficulty, but even as to what his difficulty really is. But, generally, advice-givers, after indulging their passion to the uttermost, wind up by giving the counsel they have reason to believe will be most ac-

ceptable to their hearers. This is an expedient both easy and agreeable. It has also the advantage of getting rid of a troublesome person who does not perceive that there is nothing more to be said on the subject. Advisers of this class are more popular, but much more mischievous, than the smaller class of men who take the opposite tack, and invariably wind up by counselling you, "as you value your happiness in this world or the next," to do something they have been at pains to ascertain is exceedingly disagreeable to you. You leave their presence, intimately persuaded of the malignity of their disposition, and the imperfection of their mental eyesight. But, on the whole, the ordeal, though rough, is not without benefit. It affords salutary assistance in enabling you to get at the rights of a question that puzzled you.

Of givers of agreeable advice, commend us, in matters not affecting professional reputation, to the doctors. Polonius, in his anxiety to humour Hamlet to the top of his bent, was not more accommodating than you will often find the family physician in obscure or doubtful cases. For instance, consult him, first, as to the propriety of "change of air and scene," and secondly, as to where it is to be sought. To do him justice, he will raise no objection to your instantly taking yourself off to any distance, though he thereby lose a lucrative patient. Doctors are not grasping, and just as an artist is heartily tired of a lady or gentleman whose likeness he cannot catch, so does a doctor become gradually disgusted with a patient who declines to get better. Such a patient is a positive nuisance — a blot upon the doctor's escutcheon, a weight upon his conscience, a standing evidence of the imperfection of medical science. It is a relief to get rid of him at any price. The anxious invalid is almost taken aback at the emphatic promptitude with which his doctor assents to the timidly uttered inquiry, whether a little change might not do good? But the doctor's indulgence does not stop there. He will give you the widest latitude as to the choice of a locality. Indicate any particular spot to which you have taken a fancy, and so it be not the Campagna of Rome, an iceberg in the Polar sea, the shores of Sierra Leone, or any other locality of decidedly unpleasant reputation, the doctor will instantly stamp it with the seal of his approval. Suggest objections, and the doctor will waver. Start off in another direction, and he will nimbly follow suit. Conversationally speaking, you may thus take your medical adviser all round the globe, and, wherever you propose to pitch your tent, you may usually count upon his cheerful sanction. But doctors' advice is not always so agreeable. A college tutor of the old school began to break down in health. "Sir," said his doctor, "you must take your choice. Eat and drink less or die within six months." "Then I will die," was the spirited rejoinder. And in six months the man was dead. Openness of this kind entitles a doctor to respect, but would not enhance his popularity with the general public. A doctor is expected to be meaty-mouthed, and if, when consulted as to change of air, he flatly replied that it was a matter perfectly immaterial, he would be pronounced a brute.

Professional men, as a rule, should be consulted as such, and never as personal friends. It is dangerous to obtain advice free of charge. It is not that your adviser misses the stimulus of a fee — it is that his judgment is warped by his feelings. The lawyer friend suffers his sympathies to be roused, and does not grasp with his wonted firmness the hard facts of the case at issue. The stock-jobber who entertains an almost brotherly regard for you thinks to make you a rich man by a short cut, warmly urges you to make a venture with all your fortune, and lands you in the Queen's Bench much to his and your dismay. Another rule is not to be too hasty in consulting a man as to the propriety of taking a step which he has himself just taken. If a man has made a mistake, it is not very often that he will admit he has done so. On the contrary, selfishness will urge him to lead you along the same road, and place you in the same boat with himself. The fox that had lost his tail would have certainly recommended a brother fox, doubtful as to the utility of tails, to dispense with the appendage without delay. Do not then, if the question be that of marriage, consult a man recently married — if of entering Parliament, a man who has just carried the borough of Gobblecombe at the cost of half his fortune — if of plunging into mining or railway ventures, a man who has succeeded in burying a few thousand pounds underground, without any other result than hopelessly disfiguring his park, or who has been obliged to retire to Baden-Baden whilst the affairs of the West Midland Aquatic Junction are being wound-up. A scalded dog fears cold water. But, then, he fears it for himself rather than for his neighbour.

It is rare that a man need seek for what is strictly understood by the term advice. Information is essential, and we cannot do wrong in searching till we find it. But how to use, how to weigh, analyse, and apply the information, must rest mainly with ourselves. A man's best counsellor is his own heart and conscience. The best and wisest friend on earth cannot be sure of guiding us aright, for he does not and cannot see — nor indeed can we accurately tell him — all that is in our mind. Thus he must add up the *pros* and *cons* with the same liability to error as a man casting-up a sum in addition with one or more of the figures omitted.

THE DISTRESS IN THE COTTON DISTRICTS.

AT the moment when the civil war in America has reached a point at which both parties have been sufficiently exasperated by defeat and encouraged by victory to make peace seem more distant than ever, its deplorable results in this country begin to assume more alarming proportions. For many months the state of affairs

in the cotton manufacturing districts has been growing more grave. Though there have been no outrages, no loud or angry complaints, no obtrusive demonstrations—till quite lately no appeals to public sympathy, and scarcely any sign, to those at a distance, of what was passing, except an occasional paragraph in a newspaper—every one has long known that there was in Lancashire a large and growing deficiency in the demand for labour, much actual suffering, and the prospect of a most gloomy future. Each weekly number of the *Economist* has contained a few simple figures, showing how far the supply of cotton fell short of what was needed to give full occupation to the thousands of workmen taught from their childhood to depend on it alone for their maintenance, and by what gradations that supply must inevitably become more inadequate still. Yet, in spite of most serious privations, the men of Lancashire have, till very recently, kept their troubles to themselves. They have been content to bear their own burthens. That they have borne them with such silent nobleness thus far, will not make their countrymen less ready to give them aid when they begin to ask it.

It is not difficult to collect the gloomy characteristics of the time that has given the population of the cotton manufacturing districts an opportunity of showing so much self-reliance. From the commencement of the present year to the end of last week, not quite four-sevenths of the usual amount of cotton had been consumed; not quite four-sevenths therefore of the usual amount of labour had been employed. Some manufacturers had long closed their mills altogether; many more were working short time; and not half the whole number were still able to afford six days' employment in a week. In some districts, the reduction of manufacturing operations proceeded more rapidly than in others. The millowners of Blackburn, Stockport, and Preston, less wealthy than those of Manchester, and engaged in the production of a class of goods into the cost of which the price of the raw material more largely enters, were the first to suffer. It was in these towns, therefore, that the earliest and heaviest blows fell on the operatives. But in all alike the process has been, or will be, the same, though its rapidity may be greater or less according to the circumstances of each. The operatives, deprived of their weekly revenue, begin by diminishing their usual purchases of food and clothing—thereby aggravating still further the badness of the markets, one of the causes of the sufferings of their class. They proceed to draw out their capital from Friendly Societies and Savings Banks—thereby encroaching on funds which are in very few cases adequate to supply the wants of a prolonged period of destitution. Meanwhile, they make their purchases more and more exclusively on credit, till the shopkeepers, giving credit to all and receiving payment from none, share the ruin of their customers. Before long, they are driven to pawn every article not of absolute necessity. But here again, the pawnbroker, for obvious reasons, can only offer the most unfavourable terms. Lastly, they fall back on the support of the poor-rates and the aid of the private benevolence of their richer neighbours; and even these resources seem now to be threatening to prove inadequate.

By such steps as these have hundreds of workmen, accustomed to earn from 12s. to 30s. per week, become dependent on the poor-rates for a pittance of 2s. 6d. or 3s. a week, and on soup-kitchens and other forms of private charity for their daily meal—so hardly have the consequences of a political crisis fallen on a particular class of the community. There is a growing feeling that something more ought to be done for these poor fellows than merely to keep them and their families from absolute starvation. There is a growing feeling also that, in a season of distress so exceptional in its character and origin, the whole burthen of relieving it ought not to fall on the inhabitants of the suffering district. But, before the public begins to act on these feelings, the most exact and ample information should be afforded both of the nature and extent of the existing distress, and of the means by which it is proposed to distribute the sums which may be contributed to relieve it. It is certain that great evils resulted from the manner in which the relief-fund was distributed in London in the winter of 1860. It is clear, from the eagerness with which the municipal authorities of Manchester deprecate an invasion of general charity, that experience gives them reason to dread its effects. Even in Manchester, however, it is to be feared that the distress will soon be greater than local wealth can grapple with successfully. In other towns, the cry for extraneous assistance has been already raised. All honour is due to the districts the population of which is both able and willing to rely exclusively on its own resources. But where the ability or the will is wanting, the relief of those who suffer on account of the national policy becomes a duty incumbent on the nation.

In respect of the numbers needing help, Manchester is entitled to a prominent place in the list of suffering towns. By a recent table, it appears that out of 47,500 artisans usually employed, more than 9,000 are wholly unemployed and more than 14,000 working short time. But we are told that if nearly 10,000 persons are now receiving relief from the ratepayers, more than 20,000 received it in 1857-8. Manchester loudly declares itself competent to provide for its own wants. Its citizens indignantly decline to place themselves on a level with the people of the west of Ireland by accepting the assistance of strangers. Such is the spirit in which a crisis of this kind should be met. A community has a character of its own, which cannot suffer without a deterioration affecting more or less the individuals who compose it. Manchester is no doubt able to meet all the immediate necessities of its population. Let it do so generously. By providing

the destitute with adequate support out of its own resources alone, it will gain morally more than the equivalent of the pecuniary sacrifices it may make in discouraging the ready flow of alien charity. We would gladly believe that we err in fearing that the extent of distress in Manchester will before long far exceed that of 1857-8, and become too great for the resources as well of local charity as of the impoverished ratepayers.

But, while Manchester discourages, Preston and Blackburn publicly invite the assistance of their countrymen. In the former, half the mill operatives are out of work, and the relief afforded is three times as great as that given on the average of the last six years; yet those years included a year of bad trade and the period of a strike. At the same time, a local relief fund, which had been raised in aid of the rates, is now exhausted. At Blackburn more than a fifth of the operatives are wholly without employment; the relief provided is four times as great as that given last year, and the rates have been already largely anticipated. On behalf of these districts, and of others where the suffering is not less disproportionate to the means at hand, there is ample scope for the exercise of sympathy. The case rests not on the vague lamentations of "A Lancashire Lad," narrating scenes of distress which may well exist without there being any necessity for the intervention of strangers, but on the definite statements of responsible officers. Only let there be reason for expecting that the funds subscribed will be wisely administered. The demoralization which must flow from the enforced idleness of men accustomed to regular employment is an evil sufficiently formidable. It need not be aggravated by the more serious demoralization which always prevails wherever large sums of money are carelessly distributed amongst a miscellaneous population.

In the conduct of the strikes which so fatally diminished the funds which might have made them less dependent on charity in their present hour of need, the operatives have shown powers of organization which might now be well applied to the proper distribution of the relief funds. Capable and honourable men are not few among the Lancashire operatives, and they would have the knowledge necessary to enable them to discriminate wisely between proper and improper applications. By acting together in the administration of relief in a crisis like the present, masters and workmen may be bound together by a fresh link of sympathy. But details such as these belong rather to the people on the spot. Another point, however, has been raised, which involves a question of public policy, and upon which there is a very strong feeling in Lancashire. The chief object of a large open-air meeting of operatives held in Manchester on Tuesday last, was to protest against the enforcement of the labour test; and every one would be glad if some satisfactory substitute could be devised for a safeguard against abuse which, in many instances, works with needless harshness. Nevertheless, it is absolutely necessary that able-bodied men should not be permitted to live in idleness at the expense of the ratepayers, and the adoption of some precautionary test is indispensable. Even in an emergency like the present, it is impossible, without great hesitation, to suspend any of the rules that have long guarded the approaches to the public purse. The ratepayers must not be forgotten. If it be possible, we should prefer to see the relief of the sufferers by the present crisis committed exclusively to an organization specially adapted to the purpose.

If the past and the present are gloomy, it is impossible for us to conceal from ourselves that still blacker clouds overhang the future. The stock of cotton is weekly diminishing, and the next cotton year, which will begin in September, offers no brighter hopes. While the stock in hand in the corresponding weeks of last year stood at 943,000, 884,990, and 953,000 bales respectively, the three weeks last past of this year exhibit a steady decrease from 455,000 to 429,570 and 398,000 bales. And while it is certain that no cotton at all can be expected from America, even from India less will arrive at Liverpool between the present time and the end of June than during the corresponding period of last year. For we owe the fact of our present stock not being still less than it is, to our having forced India not only to increase its exports, but to press them forward with unusual precipitancy. On this account, instead of 225,000 bales of Surat cotton, only 170,000, according to the most careful calculation, will arrive before the end of June. But this is not the worst. Even if India should produce next year more cotton than there is any prospect of her doing—or if the American prairie grass, which is now being tried at Manchester, should answer the most sanguine expectations that have been formed in respect to it—a long period must elapse before a demand which falls short even of the present limited production can regain dimensions which would give employment to the vast population of the cotton districts.

THE STATE OF GREECE.

THE present year has already proved an eventful one in the history of Greece. The central government has collapsed, and no system of self-government exists in town or country to perform spontaneously the duties of local administration. The old system of local administration which existed under the Turks and during the revolution has been swept away, and the new system of municipalities dependent on the Minister of the Interior has been imperfectly introduced. The Government and the people regard one another with distrust, and both live in mortal fear of anarchy, which each believes is likely to be produced by the acts of the other. Athens is filled with irregular troops brought down from the Ætolian mountains, who

walk the streets in their theatrical dress with weapons in their belts better adapted to delight an antiquary by their singular forms than to endanger an enemy of any activity. These warriors are regarded by the people as the heralds of brigandage. The revolts of the troops at Nauplia, Argos, and Tripolitza, the insurrections at Syra and Santorin, the attempts to open the prisons with the assistance of the soldiers at Athens and Chalcis, and the bloody fight at Thermia—joined to the fact that a number of officers of rank have been convicted of participation in conspiracies, and numbers are still under arrest—prove that the army is without organization and without discipline.

But though the state of the government and the army is clear enough, there is some difficulty in ascertaining the true state of the nation. Opinions at Athens are wonderfully promiscuous. Most of the politicians there possess the gift of turning their backs on themselves with singular versatility. Yet there can be no doubt that public opinion exists in Greece, though its echo may not often be heard in the *salons* of the capital. Ministers and Senators talk as if Greeks reasoned like French newspapers or Monsieur Saint-Marc Girardin in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Those who affect to be the patriots of the day hold a different language. In private, they declaim against King Otho and his system, and in public they boast of their devotion to his person and government. They bid for office, but they desire popularity. By such men the newspapers of Greece are written, and the question arises whether they can be accepted as true representatives of public opinion.

So much difficulty exists in ascertaining the real opinion of any individual Greek on any political question, that it is perhaps impossible to guess the real state of the public mind. But some leading data for a good guess may be noted down, with a caution to remember that the Greeks belong rather to the Oriental than to the Western type of society. They have preserved a character which connects them with ancient theories of government, and they cherish traditions which make them living representatives of Byzantine Christianity. A strong similarity may be traced between the modern Greeks and the Jews. Both have the same national unity of feeling, and the same self-reliance, joined to the same want of personal independence as individuals, and the same incapacity for united action when the object to be attained is a public one disconnected from private interest and religious feeling.

The accounts which have been given of the causes of the late military revolts prove the difficulty of understanding Greek politics. The newspapers of Athens proclaim that the insurrection was caused by foreign intrigues and foreign money, and represent the insurgents as moved only by ambition and avarice. But the men of education into whose society at Athens, and in other parts of Greece, a stranger is thrown, insist that the outbreak was an expression of patriotic feeling, and that it failed because they themselves had not strength of mind to demand boldly the convocation of a national assembly, and the integrity of the constitution. That there is patriotism in Greece cannot be disputed, though it displays itself too often in exaggerated phrases and interminable wordiness. Foreigners are led to doubt its reality by seeing the readiness with which Greek patriots sacrifice their patriotism to attain personal objects, whether it be at Athens, Corfu, or Constantinople. Since the fall of Kanares there is, perhaps, not one Greek in a public position who enjoys the respect and confidence of his nation.

It requires only a short residence in Greece to perceive that the Government and the people are at present in a state of antagonism, though not of hostility. The origin of the prevailing discontent is generally traced to the manner in which the country has been governed under the constitution of 1844. Either too much was then enacted, or too little has since been performed in order to carry those enactments into practice. In 1844 Greece was transformed from an absolute monarchy into a constitutional government on the model of France under Louis Philippe—an ill-chosen type, very imperfectly imitated. The government consists of a foreign and heterodox King, a Senate of superannuated officials named for life, and a Chamber of Deputies, in which the Minister of the day maintains a majority by the machinery of universal suffrage—every country mayor or demarch who is sufficiently servile being allowed to secure his own election.

Travellers in Greece hear much about the unpopularity of King Otho. It is probable that he is not beloved by his subjects, for the love of Kings travels fastest, like other commodities, on good roads, and there are no roads on which love can travel in Greece. But, it must not be forgotten that, during the Crimean war, King Otho was extremely popular at Athens and Manchester, as well as at Corfu and Odessa. And, only a few days before the insurrection at Nauplia, he received from the people of his capital the warmest expressions of sympathy. Public opinion pronounced the Ministry to be a Cabinet of incapables. The King, agreeing with public opinion, summoned Kanares, the hero of the fire-ships, to form a new Ministry. Kanares presented to the King a written memoir, which contains the simplest and most practical plan of reform in the administration that has ever been drawn up by a Greek Minister, and King Otho had the good sense to accept this plan. But, unfortunately, Kanares selected as his colleagues several persons extremely disagreeable to the Court, and his services were dispensed with on the ground that the persons he had proposed were unsuitable. The old Cabinet of incapables was deemed safer than a new Cabinet of incompetibles. The King's popularity carried his present Ministers through the crisis, and the hero lost his popularity for a while by proposing a Cabinet of, perhaps, not very trustworthy Radicals.

The personal position of King Otho with regard to the Greeks cannot, therefore, be considered as unfavourable, nor can the feeling of the people be considered as revolutionary. Indeed, whatever politicians may say at Athens, there appears to be proof that King Otho and the people of Greece are connected by stronger ties of secret sympathy than any that connect the nation and the other branches of the existing Government. Should events compel the King to appeal to a National Assembly in order to appease discontent and avert a revolution, it may be already foreseen that he will become again extremely popular by abolishing universal suffrage and the existing Senate. The Greeks are convinced that the Royal authority is necessary to avert anarchy, and they know that there would be no difficulty in finding a worse monarch than King Otho.

Much is said in Greece concerning the systematic violation of the constitution, but many Greeks have acquired sufficient political experience to observe that, with universal suffrage, unless there is a systematic violation of the constitution on the part of the executive authority, there can be no government at all. The people throughout Greece, with the exception of the official mob of Athens, seem more indignant at the violations of the constitution on the part of the Chambers than of the executive Government and the King. The senators and deputies are charged with violating the constitution to plunder the national treasury. The crimes for which they are arraigned at the tribunal of public opinion are—betraying the trust confided to them by their country, and violating their personal oaths.

The constitution of Greece has the following articles:—Art. 67. The deputies who attend the session receive from the public treasury a monthly remuneration of 250 drachmas. Art. 79. The senators receive an indemnity of 500 drachmas a month during the session. Art. 103. All laws and ordinances contrary to the provisions of this constitution are null. Art. 107. The present constitution is placed under the safeguard of the patriotism of every Greek. But, in spite of this patriotism, about two years ago, the Ministers of the day, the deputies, and the senators conspired together, and, after much illicit negotiation, succeeded in deadening the King's sense of justice, and persuading him not to put his veto on a bill for doubling their salaries, in direct violation of the constitution and their own oaths. The law passed, and not one senator or deputy was found to refuse participating in the plunder of the public treasury. This want of common honesty in high places made a deep impression on the people. From that time, a change took place in the spirit of the nation, and a reckless and acrimonious temper is visible, which threatens the country with revolution. The Chambers existing in violation of the constitution, all the laws they pass are supposed to be illegal. The representatives of Greece are regarded as having fixed an indelible stain on the national character; and the convocation of a National Assembly is now the only means of restoring a legal, not to say a constitutional, government in the Kingdom of Greece.

ELECTORS PAINTED BY THEMSELVES.

IT will be remembered that the succession to the earldom of Yarborough by Lord Worsley caused a vacancy in the representation of the borough of Great Grimsby. There were two candidates for the vacant seat—Mr. Heneage, of Liberal politics, and supported by the interest of the house of Yarborough, and Mr. Chapman, a Conservative, chairman of the railway which has its terminus at Great Grimsby, and to which the town owes much of its importance. Mr. Heneage depended upon the long-established influence of property, while Mr. Chapman relied on that newly-created prosperity of the town which was in great part due to him; and thus the Liberal candidate depended on the old source of power, and the Conservative on that which had been freshly opened by its side. There seems to have been in Great Grimsby some impatience of the domination of the house of Yarborough, and also a lively sense of benefits received from Mr. Chapman's company. If we further suppose that this town, as well as others, had felt to some extent the influence of what is called Conservative reaction, we shall have obtained quite sufficient explanation of the causes of the success of Mr. Chapman. This explanation, however, did not satisfy that gentleman's opponents, who believed themselves to have discovered on inquiry that another potent influence had largely contributed to this triumph of Conservatism. Accordingly they presented a petition against the return; and undertook to prove before the committee that that mysterious personage, the Man in the Moon, had been seen, or at least had made himself felt, during the contest at Great Grimsby. As the Committee had little difficulty in deciding in favour of the sitting member, the interest of the case lies chiefly in the picture which the evidence affords of election doings among the less scrupulous adherents of either side. The short-hand writer's notes, printed for the information of the House of Commons, show us the "Reds" and "Blues" of Great Grimsby exactly as they exhibited themselves to the committee; and the representation has very much the same sort of merit as a coarse but lifelike painting of the Dutch school.

The first witness produced by the petitioners was just the sort of person that one expects to meet with on these occasions. His name was Hardy, and his business was that of a coal hawker. He lived thirteen miles from Grimsby, and was driving into the town, in his dog-cart, about one or two o'clock on the polling day, under a promise to vote for Mr. Heneage. He met, or was brought into communication with, several persons who desired to obtain his vote for Mr. Chapman. He went into more than one house and out again, while unable, as it appears, to overcome the mo-

desty which restrained him from making his true mind known. At last he contrived to allow it to transpire that "he wanted 117. for wages for gas-coal leading to the Company, and if they paid him he should vote for them, and he should not without." It may perhaps be necessary to explain that "leading" means "carting" coal. Having thus intimated his wishes, they were, as he stated, gratified without delay. He was taken to a committee-room, where 117. was paid him by a gentleman whom he did not know by name, but would know again if he saw him, and who was "dressed in dark clothes and black shiny leggings." His terms having been complied with, he went to the poll and voted. The gentleman in the shiny leggings, if a reality, appears to have been no other than our old friend the Man in the Moon; but it was asserted by the other side that he was a fiction, and this seems to have been the opinion of the committee. There was, of course, a great deal of inquiry into the personal history of this witness Hardy. Like all other witnesses in such cases, he had a history which might be told two ways. According to his version of it, he had, as we have seen, a claim against the Company, and the Company had also a claim against him. He put it mildly thus:—"I sold coals for them from the dépôt, and the coals ran short in weight, so of course they wanted me to be answerable;" and this claim of theirs was over 200l. It was indicated by the questions of the cross-examining counsel that the Company had "wanted" this witness "to be answerable" for embezzlement, and that a Guarantee Society had been compelled to pay the amount of defalcation for him. Being asked whether this society did not put an execution into his house, the witness answered that "a gentleman came to his house," and further admitted that the "gentleman" was a sheriff's officer, who told him the society "wanted" so much money. Being further asked whether this execution was not put in after the Company discharged him, the witness answered that the Company did not discharge him at all, but they gave over paying his wages, and so he was obliged to go. The witness had been living for several weeks before the inquiry in that strict seclusion which is deemed necessary on such occasions. Having lived at the expense of the petitioners, it is needless to state that he had lived well. He had enjoyed the pleasures of the capital for a few days, but as it was feared that the freshness of his story might be spoiled if he were tempted to repeat it, he was removed with the other witnesses to Ventnor, and either at that charming place, or in the delightful neighbourhood of Lymington, he had enjoyed, in the interest of election purity, several weeks of entire relaxation from his laborious business of hauling and hawking coals.

The witness-box was next occupied by another equally estimable specimen of the native race of Great Grimsby—a coal-porter named Bromley. This witness, who was not a voter, described himself as negotiating on behalf of a companion named Button. After an infinite deal of walking to and fro these worthy comrades found themselves in a committee-room and in presence of an agent. The witness said to the agent "Now for the dunkum," which he explained to mean money. The "young stranger" hereupon produced 10l., and Button, who appears to have left the talking business chiefly to his companion, remarked, "My pockets is bad, let him take care of my money," which Bromley thereupon did. But he afterwards handed the amount to Button, who, preserving his characteristic brevity of speech, said, "I will go and plant this." The process which he called "planting" is the same, we believe, as is called in other circles "watering the plant." Mr. Bromley stated that he saw a good deal of Mr. Button during the week after the election, which they passed in working at discharging coal-vessels together. "During that time Button was always drunk. He is a strange man to drink; a wonderful man to drink rum." Before the election Button was sober because he could not get drink. It was imputed to the petitioners that they had not only lodged and fed this witness, but even clothed him. He stated, in answer to questions, that his coat had been bought with his own money two years before, but he could not deny that a new pair of trousers and a billy-cock hat were proofs of the same tender care which had sent the previous witness to breathe the delicious air of Ventnor. Bromley, as we have seen, was not a voter, although apparently belonging to the same class as those freemen or ten-pounder voters of Great Grimsby who swore, truly or falsely, that they sold their votes.

Here is another sample of this class, a bricklayer named Wardel. He had promised to vote for Heneage, but, being asked by a partisan of Chapman whether 5l. would be of any use to him, answered, "It is always of use to a poor man." He was told that an unknown personage would come down the night before the election to pay the money, but in his own case he stated that it was paid by the local tempter who had first assailed him:—"I went out and got into another room, and the landlady and him stood side by side, and this small parcel of money was put upon the table opposite. When I went in, he gave me a nod of the head that way, and I says 'It is all right,' and takes it up." Whether this scene occurred, or whether it was invented to look like the witness's idea of truth, the observation may be made, that no briber, either in fact or fiction, ever distinctly asks the price and puts his hand straight into his pocket and pulls it out and hands it over. It is usually considered necessary that the voter should be taken first to a public committee-room, and then to some more private centre of electioneering tactics. Whatever is done, there is usually a concourse of several persons and much going in and out of rooms. The money is put upon a table, and taken off it, rather than

that it should actually pass from hand to hand, and people are very particular not to speak where a wink or nod may serve as well. The proceedings at Great Grimsby, whether actual or imaginary, were in this respect of the approved pattern, as will further appear from the following extract from the evidence:—

"Newby says to me, he says, 'You shall have 5l. the night before the election; but,' he says, 'I shall not give it you in your own hands, it will come in a different direction.' After I got to bed, the night before the election, I said to my missus, 'Has that 5l. note come?' She says, 'Yes.' I says, 'Where is it?' She says, 'It is in the writing-desk.'"

Of course the proceedings also included that essential feature of every election, the offer of an extravagant price for some common article. In this instance, the subject of purchase was a bag of the shell-fish called cockles, and the price was 5l. A witness swore that he was offered that magnificent price for that humble article of food, and that he understood a condition to be implied that he should go and vote for Mr. Chapman. Shortly afterwards the generous customer asked him to vote accordingly, and he did so; but although he delivered the cockles, he did not get paid either 5l., or any other price for them. Another witness, when pressed to vote for Chapman, pleaded the promise which he had made to Heneage, to which a supporter of Chapman answered, "Scripture teaches us that a bad promise is better broken than kept," and added that for breaking it he should be handsomely rewarded. This witness was cross-examined at considerable length as to the time which he had spent away from home, and how he had spent it. He did not form one of the Ventnor party, but he had been for a week to Kingston, and had passed five weeks not unpleasantly in London. Another witness, being asked why he and his companions would not stay longer in the Isle of Wight, answered, "Because we was tired of it." The Chairman intimated that he did not think these inquiries very material, and he, no doubt, was right. But still one cannot help remarking that all these witnesses had been living, as the vulgar phrase is, "like fighting cocks" at the expense of the petitioners with the alleged object of guarding them from the temptations of the other side, but really to keep them in good humour. There is a great deal of the evidence on this petition which looks too much as if it were fabricated for the occasion. At the best, some of the freemen and ten-pounders of Great Grimsby must be either faithless and corrupt, or perjured. If they are to be believed on their oaths, they have broken their promises and sold their votes. One of them was asked by counsel, "Your principles were blue [Liberal], and you would vote red for money?"—to which he coolly answered, "That was about the style." Here is a constituency containing a more popular element than most others, and we are obliged to say of some members of it that—

If they be honest, they are devilish cheats.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

FOR extravagance and want of forethought there is nothing like a deliberative assembly of very practical men. Any scheme which involves building operations of a rather extensive character, and into which an artistic element can by any possibility introduce itself, has the same effect on them as a piece of red cloth produces on a vicious bull. They will not be brought to see that true art implies a judicious and far-seeing economy, and that, for the uses of civil no less than of private life, large schemes boldly carried through save countless sums in the long run. Talk to them of an "edilhy," and they stop their ears, and perhaps rightly, for "edilhy" has an uncouth and outlandish sound. Still, the thing which it expresses is a necessity in all civilized communities, and most especially in that one which has the good or bad fortune to have for its capital the largest and most populous city in the world. The House of Commons has had two opportunities, within a short period, of coming to a wrong decision on questions involving the public buildings of London, and it has availed itself of both. Just before Easter, the Government moved the second reading of the Bill for the much-needed concentration of the Law Courts in one Palace of Justice. The want was growing every day more crying—the remedy was one which had been recommended by a Royal Commission appointed by Lord John Manners during Lord Derby's Government, including the present Secretary of State for War, and the actual Administration had adopted its report. The course recommended was simply the assumption by the State of the ever-diminishing liabilities of some life compensations, chargeable on an excentric subsection of the national capital which happens to have grown up out of the interest of the unredeemed caution-money of ancient suitors. This capital is to build the Palace. The *quid pro quo* for this payment, which in its first and maximum year will be a very manageable sum, was not merely the incalculable advantage afforded thereby to the tax-paying public, but the actual relief to the State itself, which is at present owner or tenant of buildings used as courts or offices in various parts of London, which may be parted with or turned to other uses when the Palace of Justice is erected. One interest, however, opposed the change. The influential Chancery bar seated at Lincoln's Inn desires to retain the Courts of Equity within its own precincts, while it finds arguments against the change in the quibble that it is very well to spend the Suitors' Fund towards building those Courts, while it would be rank robbery to take a farthing of it towards Courts of Law. The Government was off its guard, and when the amendment was put in a thin House, it found itself in a majority of only one. So the opponents of the Bill, taking advantage of their suc-

cess, by an unusual stretch of the forms of the House, took an immediate second division on the word "then," and deferred the Bill by a majority of two.

We shall not insult our readers' intelligence by repeating the advantages, moral and material, which must follow the concentration of the Law Courts. The mere saving of time and cab fares, and the possibility that the leaders may attend to their own causes, are but part of the contingent advantage. The barriers which now separate Equity and Common Law would be physically broken down, and a long first step be taken towards the gradual assimilation of the jurisdictions. Besides, the daily opportunities of conferences between the bench, the bar, and the attorneyhood, would inevitably introduce cheaper and more expeditious methods of procedure. Short consultations would more frequently take the place of formal correspondence; and "Settled out of Court" might come into fashion. Our Courts are now what Parliament would be if the two Houses were to meet in different quarters of the town, with all their respective committee-rooms scattered about some twenty or thirty streets. When France had a real constitutional system, it was often observed that that country, so remarkable in general for its love of outward symmetry and for the price which it is willing to pay for that luxury, could hardly be assumed to have realised the nature of Parliamentary Government, or it would not have allowed its two Houses to hold their meetings so widely apart from each other. But we treat our judiciary worse than France treated its Parliaments. There at least each House with its offices was concentrated under one roof, while our Courts are disjointed and ambulatory. The unsatisfactory compromise suggested by the Equity men of concentrating Chancery in Lincoln's Inn would merely be the correlative of the French Parliamentary arrangement. We have not yet attained even that degree of civilization, but are sticking in the mire of old customs of which the significance has long passed away. We no longer expect to see the Sovereign sitting on her own bench. The Judges no longer ride through country lanes to Westminster to meet under the roof of the Royal residence. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen no longer regard the sittings in Guildhall as any pledge of their liberties. Equity is no longer spontaneous common sense in contradistinction to written precedent and formal systems. Yet we are acting as if we still lived under the Plantagenets, and are shutting our eyes to the practical union as one city of London and Westminster, with its own legal quarter fixed where for centuries that quarter has always existed, only with the Courts, with some exceptions, still far off, in Westminster or at Guildhall.

In short, the House of Commons stultified itself all round. The Equity men were obstinate, narrow, and grasping. The Opposition scabbed a reform which was due to their own party; and the Government, which had adopted the bantling, neglected making sure of a majority on an occasion so exceptional in 1862 as a real Government bill for a real object. So the question is hung up, and meanwhile the old red herring has been trailed under our noses. No one denies that the fetid rookery about Carey-street is a disgrace to London; while it also happens to be the best place for the new Courts, equidistant as it is from Lincoln's Inn and the Temple, and only a short way from Gray's Inn. In the meanwhile, the suggestion of filching a corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields garden has been revived. But this idea accumulates sins of omission and of commission. It would violate the integrity of an important metropolitan lung—the largest open garden next to the Parks, existing in a quarter which gasps for fresh air. It would at the same time leave untouched the Carey-street nuisance. All in short that it has to say for itself, that it would be cheaper, and withal milder. Its adoption would be another opportunity lost by the nation, which more than any other is able to buy the best articles at sufficient prices, and always does buy them, unless they appear in the shape of bricks and mortar.

Refreshed with its Easter holiday, the House on Tuesday occupied itself with Mr. Cochrane's motion for a Commission of Inquiry into the condition of our public buildings. The case which was made out of funds mismanaged, of sites misapplied, of time and opportunities wasted, fully justified the motion. The worst which could be said for it was that the remedy which it proposed was inadequate. Still, no other way of raising the question presented itself to a private member. However, Mr. Gladstone availed himself of this argument in a speech remarkable for the ingenuity with which it avoided a direct opinion upon the specific grievances of the case, which indeed he more than half admitted. This was judicious on his part, considering that he had to back Mr. Cowper, whose answer to Mr. Cochrane consisted in the unblushing assertion that there was no grievance at all to complain about, but that the reconstruction of the Public Offices was actually being carried out on a plan at once economical and comprehensive. The House, with its usual cowardice when questions of this kind are raised by private members, swallowed this monstrous assertion, while it endorsed by a large majority Mr. Gladstone's specious reasons for putting off an enquiry which could not fail to aid it in discharging its responsibilities towards the public purse and the public service. Sir Morton Peto argued that the miscarriage of our greatest public works was owing to there not being a permanent head to the department under whose control a unity of system might be attained. We should be more inclined to accept this view if we could make sure of getting the right man at the first onset. But supposing we failed in this—supposing that the permanent commissioner merely represented, as he would do, the fancies of the actual Prime Minister who had made him—we should be much worse off than we were before, for in the perpetual change of the office there is at

least a chance of occasional gleams of efficiency. There would be none were the commissioner to be a fixture, unremovable except for actual delinquency.

In short, we believe, sorry as we are to have to come to the conviction, that the evil lies deeper than the mere constitution of the Public Works department. Englishmen, even the most educated, have not yet learned to take a pride in their own metropolis, although they are glad enough to live in and to enjoy London, and can fully appreciate the inconvenience of not possessing a metropolis so well supplied with everything which the human imagination can desire. But for London itself they do not feel that sort of personal affection which the Frenchman entertains for Paris, and even the Scotchman for Edinburgh. One man of taste and means will make his own house a model of artistic luxury; another, more unselfish, will raise a noble church in some neglected slum; while both would refuse to join an agitation for the general architectural amelioration of London and its public buildings. They would not understand the necessity, for London is almost too big to grasp as an entirety. No man of refinement, unless impelled by a very peculiar taste, or a very patriotic sense of doing good, attempts to busy himself with its internal government. Its street architecture has heretofore been conspicuous for its ugliness, and the ameliorations in progress in various quarters have not yet arrested general attention. In short, the "improvement of London" question is voted a bore, and the man who has courage to take it up must be content to be treated as a visionary, or a crotchety-monger. While this state of feeling exists, motions like those of Mr. Cochrane will never meet with a fair hearing; and a personal opposition, like that of Lincoln's Inn, to the concentration of the Law Courts, will always stand a good chance of being successful. We are sanguine enough to hope that the tendencies of public opinion may bring about a change in coming years. But in the meanwhile, those who have at heart the improvement of the capital, must be prepared to meet with many repulses, and to see the best opportunities irretrievably lost in favour of ugly and expensive makeshifts.

THE MUSIC AT THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION.

IN the pageant which inaugurated the Exhibition of 1851, the music was limited to two or three very simple pieces, executed by about a thousand performers, as great doubts were then entertained whether even so large a body of singers could produce a musical or pleasing effect, or whether their efforts would not be absorbed and lost in the vast space of the enormous building. The success, however, which was then achieved (and few who were present can forget the effect produced by the "Old Hundredth," and "God Save the Queen," with Clara Novello's magnificent delivery of the solos), gave rise to the colossal meetings with which the public has since become familiar. On the opening, therefore, of the present Exhibition, it was naturally wished to give a distinct feature to the musical portion of the ceremonial. Her Majesty's Commissioners accordingly requested the assistance of four composers to represent the musical art of Italy, Germany, France, and England. The representatives, with one exception, were well chosen. France, Italy, Germany, and England were to be represented by Auber, Verdi, Meyerbeer, and Professor Bennett. We should consider Meyerbeer, although a German by birth, as belonging rather to the French than to the German school of music; and we should have preferred that modern German Music should, if possible, have been represented by Herr Wagner in place of the distinguished composer of *Les Huguenots* and *Minora*. To Professor Bennett was entrusted the setting of the Laureate's ode. MM. Auber and Meyerbeer have respectively contributed a march and an overture; but these pieces differ only in name, the form of the compositions being very similar. Signor Verdi, from whom a march was also requested, composed a cantata for solo (to be sung by Tamberlik) and chorus; but although the Commissioners were informed more than a month ago that this piece was at their disposal, they somewhat ungraciously delayed intimating their acceptance or refusal of the cantata till it was too late to prepare it; and accordingly Italy was on Thursday, musically, unrepresented. We think Signor Verdi has good cause to complain of the manner in which he has been treated; and this is not the only mischance which has attended the musical arrangements of Her Majesty's Commissioners.

No one has secured such confidence in his direction of large masses of performers as Mr. Costa, and the Commissioners wisely, therefore, in the first instance, entrusted to him the organization of the orchestra and chorus for the performance of the works we have mentioned. But, unfortunately, some years ago, when Mr. Costa was the conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts, Professor Bennett took the very excusable liberty of suggesting the time at which one of his own compositions should be taken. From this trifling circumstance the present difficulties have arisen. The autocrat of the orchestra, having nursed his resentment, expressly stipulated with the Commissioners that he should not be expected to conduct any work of Dr. Bennett's, "if he should be asked to compose one." It was of course open to Mr. Costa to show his gratitude to the English nation for its constant and liberal recognition of his talents, and also to evince his respect to a Court through whose countenance and support he has mainly obtained his present position, by intruding a petty personal pique into the arrangements for the opening ceremonial of a great national undertaking. That

the Commissioners, however, should have lent themselves to such conduct is much to be lamented. They ought never to have suffered Mr. Costa to dictate whom they should request to compose, or what works he would or would not conduct—especially when such dictation was meant to gratify a petty personal feeling in the exclusion of our greatest English musician from a post to which his talents and position entitled him. Professor Bennett was most anxious to do everything in his power to remove the misunderstanding which existed between himself and Mr. Costa. He expressed to the Commissioners his desire to call upon Mr. Costa with his work; but for seven months he was kept in ignorance of the compact they had allowed Mr. Costa to make. It was idle to ask Professor Bennett himself to name a conductor. The Commissioners, having selected Mr. Costa as the ablest man to superintend the performance of the music, should have insisted on his superintending *all* or resigning his baton into more generous, even if less able, hands. It was not fair to thrust on Professor Bennett the invidious task of nominating any one for so ungracious a position, especially considering the difficulties his nominee must inevitably have encountered from the feeling Mr. Costa has displayed on this occasion. Still less, perhaps, should the Commissioners have ultimately entrusted Professor Bennett's work to a gentleman who, though deservedly popular, and unapproachable as a leader, has not had the opportunities and experience to enable him to secure precision and steadiness in so large a body of musicians. We take leave of this disagreeable subject with regret that such a spirit should have been exhibited to the world on a public occasion like the present.

Among the disadvantages of the present building as compared with that of 1851, not the least is its unfitness for transmitting sound. More tone was produced in the former building, and certainly the effect is more satisfactory at Sydenham. At no time on Thursday was so full a body of sound obtained as in the Handel Festival of 1857, although the numbers engaged were about the same. The transepts on each side of the dome swallow up an immense portion of the sound, so that at the commencement of the nave—except the brass instruments and the drums—little is heard unless the band is playing fortissimo, and then the reverberation causes considerable indistinctness. The band on Thursday numbered about 400, and the chorus more than 2000. The first piece was of course "God save the Queen," ushered in by a roll of the side-drums. The solos were sung by the chorus in unison, each of the upper voices in turn taking a verse. Meyerbeer's overture or march succeeded. As Meyerbeer was present at the Handel Festival of '59, he was perfectly aware of the conditions under which he was composing, and we had anticipated something broader and more massive than the work he has produced. The opening movement is introduced by the double basses in a fine rolling passage, which, however, was robbed of much of its distinctness by the nature of the building. A new subject is then given out by the wood band, which leads to a return of the opening movement by the full orchestra. We next have a slow movement—a sort of religious march, which is very graceful, and exhibits all the well-known peculiarities of the composer. Here again some of the effects of the instrumentation were lost, especially the passages given to the *Corno Inglese*. After a second return to the opening movement, a quick step is introduced, with which all London, or rather all dancing London, will soon be familiar, as the "quick step" will inevitably retain its character in the drawing-room and become a popular gallop. In its place, however, in the overture, it sounded somewhat common-place. "Rule Britannia" forms the subject upon which the composer has worked his close. We first hear it from the wind, it is then distributed among the deeper stringed instruments, and after an episode in which the quick step is introduced, the wind instruments give out the melody supported by a running accompaniment of the strings, too suggestive perhaps of the close to the overture of *William Tell*. Meyerbeer has evidently spent considerable care and ingenuity upon this piece, and in a concert-room the beauties of the instrumentation will make themselves known. It presents several of those peculiar modulations and piquant rhythms which Meyerbeer always introduces, but we thought a more massive treatment would have ensured greater success. It was extremely well played, and few could have detected that till Tuesday it had been unseen by any one in the orchestra.

The Laureate's Ode succeeded this overture. This opens with a chorale supported by the trumpets alone, producing a very solemn impression, and the ear rested on the grave melody and sustained harmonies with all the more satisfaction from the feverish attention which the preceding piece had required. The second verse of the chorale is accompanied by the full orchestra. To this succeeds a movement in a minor key which was admirably sung. There is a charming effect obtained here by an accompaniment given to the strings, and the close to this movement struck us as one of the most exquisite passages in the music of the day. A choral recitative, at first accompanied only by the trumpets, but afterwards falling into a more measured rhythm with full orchestra, leads us back to the opening chorale, and the ode concludes with a graceful flowing chorus, the melody of which is fortunately the freshest in the work. We were delighted that Professor Bennett has been able on this occasion perhaps to advance, certainly to sustain, his reputation. Throughout there was an individuality as great as in the works of our foreign guests. Although written for so large a chorus, we are convinced the effect will be equally pleasing with smaller numbers, and the beauty of the score, which is everywhere masterly, will make

itself more clearly felt. The very admirable manner in which this ode was performed is deserving the highest praise. The precision of the chorus was remarkable, and some portions were models of choral singing. The chorus of the Sacred Harmonic Society may well be gratified with so perfect a performance of a not very easy work with so little study and rehearsal. They have added another to their already long list of musical triumphs. M. Saindon, for the reasons we have mentioned above, conducted the performance of the Ode, and deserves great credit for the very able manner in which he acquitted himself in a most unenviable position—a position in which he never ought to have been placed. M. Auber's "March" was the next piece in the programme. For a composer of the mature age of 81, and of so industrious a disposition, the freshness of this "March" is something wonderful. Of course, it bears the mark of coming from the author of *Massaniello*, *Fra Diavolo*, and the other numerous charming French operas with which we are so familiar; but it is nevertheless new, nothing is borrowed, and every phrase is treated with that grace and piquancy so peculiarly his own. After a few introductory chords forming an ascending chromatic scale, a lovely movement in triple time is introduced for the cornet-à-pistons, supported by the trombones. This is very delicious, and will no doubt be often heard during the ensuing season from our military bands. The next movement, which commences with a *pizzicato* passage for all the strings in turn, was quite inaudible. We then have a delightful melody suggested by a movement from one of Haydn's *Symphonies*. This, treated with admirable skill, had a charming effect. The march winds up, as most of Auber's overtures do, with a brilliant and exciting subject, very fully scored, similar to the close of the overture to *Fra Diavolo*, but without the slightest repetition or plagiarism of that work. To describe how it was played would be only to repeat what we have already said of the execution of Meyerbeer's overture. The "Hallelujah" and "Amen" choruses from *The Messiah* were performed after the address from the Commissioners had been presented; and the grandeur of this stupendous chorus was in no wise diminished by the music which had preceded it. The want of the organ, however, was sensibly felt, and the effect, although surpassing that of the other pieces, was not what it was in 1851, and was inferior to what has been produced at Sydenham. Nothing, perhaps, could more strikingly illustrate the genius of Handel than this performance. While every facility for producing grand results has, since his day, been afforded to composers by the perfection of the instruments with which he was familiar, and by the introduction of many of which he never dreamt, yet in the year 1862, in the company of special works by three of the most distinguished composers of the day, the very leaders of present musical art, the simple yet masterly notes he composed nearly a hundred years ago are still unapproached in their power to move our feelings and touch our hearts. "God save the Queen" formed a fitting conclusion to this very interesting ceremonial. On this occasion the tenors and basses sang the solos in unison, the verse delivered by the tenors being singularly well given. The 500 voices sounded absolutely as one.

The arrangements in the building with respect to the performers were excellent. Every one knew his place, and not a single hitch of any description occurred to interfere with the enjoyment of the music; but the Sacred Harmonic Society, with Mr. Bowley at their head, have taught us that these monster orchestras can, with proper care, be as easily managed as those of more moderate dimensions. To their admirable organization, however, no small share of the success of the day was due. The Exhibition of 1862, in whatever other respects it may fall short of that of 1851, can certainly claim a vast superiority in the musical celebration of its opening. Notwithstanding the misfortunes we have mentioned in the beginning of this notice, Her Majesty's Commissioners have secured a very fine performance of two new works of considerable pretensions by two of the most distinguished foreign composers; and they have afforded our own greatest native musician an opportunity of proving that musical art among us can produce results which need no apology in taking their place beside those of our foreign guests. At all events, the occasion has been the means of adding to our musical stores works which will be heard with pleasure when the excitement attendant upon their production shall have passed away, and whose intrinsic merits will enable them to avoid the too common fate of Installation Odes and Festival Overtures.

REVIEWS.

ORGANIZATION IN DAILY LIFE.*

ALTHOUGH the author has not thought proper to say so on his title-page, no reader can doubt that this essay comes from the same pen that wrote the *Friends in Council*. Like all the author's compositions, it is suggestive, fresh, and pleasant to read. Its literary merits are, indeed, too considerable to escape notice. The easy way in which a succession of difficult points is introduced, the gaiety of the style that lights up so stiff a subject, and the number of good anecdotes interspersed, are more than most essays on organization could offer to the public. The writer, however, deserves to have something more than praise bestowed

* *Organization in Daily Life: an Essay.* London: Parker, Son, and Bourn. 1862.

on his style. He deserves to have his thoughts attentively considered. Organization is a vast subject, and really includes nothing short of the whole ordering of human affairs; but a man who meditates over the wants of society, and is sensible enough to omit the mere platitudes that must cross his mind when he thinks of social improvements, may easily compress into a thin volume a great many very suggestive reflections upon a subject he cannot pretend to exhaust. That there is great room for better organization everyone is prepared to admit, but beyond a general notion that they do these things better in France, and a disposition to abuse English officials, there is little trouble taken in thinking over what we want, and what we might have in the way of organization. It is not very easy to say what organization means, and it is not very clear how far it is attainable or desirable. Even after reading this essay, we are left in doubt, as the author himself confesses, whether he means by organization "plan," or "forethought." We also venture to think that he has not sufficiently discriminated between the different fields of operation in which mere planning is all that is required and those which demand some great advance in social tastes or habits or opinions. Still, he appears to us to be quite justified in saying, as he does at the end of the volume, that there is a thread of thought which runs through the whole, and that in some sense or other the improvement of organization is a thing to be arrived at in every department of human life.

The simplest case of organization is when some special thing has to be planned, and the execution of the plan lies in the power of the person or persons who form it. Obviously, the better the plan is made, the better pleased every one will be whom it affects. The Essayist mentions, as an instance of want of organization, a certain party, the pleasure of which was spoiled by the obstacles under which the guests suffered in getting away. No arrangement had been made for bringing the carriages up to the door, and as there was a great crowd and a narrow space, and no order, it was almost hopeless for an owner to try to find his vehicle. There can be no doubt that in such a case a very little previous trouble would have enabled the host to hit on some scheme by which his guests might have left him in good order and good humour. The writer is quite right in saying that organization in this sense is as much wanted in private as in public life, and on festive as on grave occasions. A marriage or a picnic is frequently rescued from its natural horrors by all the arrangements being admirably contrived. A lady who gets the reputation for giving good parties often owes her fame, not so much to an invariable simper, as to a judicious calculation of what is going to happen; and one of the reasons why the parties of very great people roll on so smoothly is that they are surrounded by servants who are able to foresee exactly what ought to be done, and whom long practice has made prepared for every emergency. It is this kind of organization in which the French really excel. There is a vast deal of very bad organization in France. A country must have much to learn in the way of regulating its daily life when it is overrun with a host of pedantic vulgar officials whose only duty is to book the most irrelevant facts in an illegible scribble on whity-brown paper, throw sand over the scrawl in handbills, and then stow the memorandum away. But in the arrangement of a little obvious plan the French are admirable, and we confess we might learn much from them, in this respect, both in public and private life. At the same time, it must be observed that it is easy to have too much organization of a simple kind. It is all very well to have a wedding-breakfast carefully planned; but an Englishman's home is a very doleful sort of castle when its owner is the sort of man who has a prescribed code of laws for the breakfast of every day. Well-arranged picnics are capital things, but very often the happiest and merriest picnics are those which grow up impromptu. Before, therefore, we can say that organization is a good thing in simple matters, we must be sure that it is wanted. If it is wanted at all, then the more perfect it is the better, and every one's experience must lead him to own that many of the trifling annoyances with which he has been bored in society have arisen from this—that the people whose task it was to organize what was going on have only done their work by halves.

Organization, however, soon ceases to be of this simple kind. A great undertaking involves so many interests, distracts the attention by the consideration of so many points, and has to satisfy so many different wants, that its success involves something very far apart from simple planning. The essayist, for example, gives our great railways as signal instances of bad organization. He points out how little the comforts of passengers are studied, how bad the stations are, how ugly the carriages are, and how detestable those things are which in mockery are called refreshments. There is much truth in this. The carriages on English railways are very uncomfortable and disgustingly dirty; there is nothing but the barest and rudest shelter in many of the stations; and the refreshments at most railway stations are an insult to the rich and a fraud on the poor. But it is only by using the word in a very wide sense that we can say that organization is the remedy for all this. It must be remembered that English railways make up in quantity what they are deficient in quality. The trains are bad, but then there are a great many of them. It would not be difficult to organize a train with very nice pretty carriages, which should go at a nice smooth pace, and stop a comfortable time at comfortable stations where the eatables were eatable. But the line which offered this sort of train might easily suffer under two drawbacks. In the first place, it might not pay, and in the second place it

might not accommodate a tenth of the passengers that wished to travel by it. The enormous expense of English railways can only be met by conveying as great a mass of people and goods as can be made to pass over the line. In a rough way, the principal lines attain the sort of success which consists in earning a decent dividend, and carrying what they are asked to carry. Starting from this basis, they may easily make many improvements. There are a thousand ways in which the comfort of passengers might be promoted without lessening the number and speed of the trains. If, for instance, the trains would but keep time, the stoppages might be allowed which are so necessary to health and comfort; and if proper time were allowed at a refreshment station, the refreshments might be better. It is some sort of excuse for the people who offer a curious thin solution of adulterated chicory to travellers, that no one would have time to taste coffee even if it were provided. Organization in these little matters is possible, and most highly desirable; but the primary thing in England was not to organize a comfortable train, but to carry a great traffic. It may be said that perfect organizers would from the outset have arranged both that the trains should be numerous and that each train should be comfortable. This is true; but then organization comes to mean doing what is best. Its force is lost in vagueness. It would be highly desirable, not only that the trains should be many, clean, cheap, and comfortable, but that the officials should be under the best possible control, that the Board should be constituted in the most efficient way, and that the relations of the Company to the State should be exactly right. If all this is part of organization, there is scarcely anything left in human affairs that is not organization; and the proposition that our organization ought to be improved, would come to mean merely that everything on earth ought to be put quite right.

The wide interpretation put on organization by the author is still more apparent in other instances than that of railways. But the most conspicuous is the check on the pedantry of organization which he suggests. He is far too acute a thinker not to have seen so very obvious an objection to cultivating our powers of organization as that which may be drawn from the strong tendency of all well-devised machinery to end in being nothing but machinery. All bureaucracies think themselves well organized, and in some respects they are so. And yet, if organization is to mean extended bureaucracy, there is not much to admire in its progress. The author sees this, and finds the remedy in assigning the highest places in all organized systems, and more especially in the State, to men who are of free independent character, and will dare to think and act for themselves. No one could be more strong in his denunciation of red tape, of all promotion that elevates only men of a mechanical turn of mind, of all glorification of the beaver faculty in man. He wants to have no rules at all which can debar the fit man from being chosen. He sees pedantry in any system that would prevent a general or a judge of eighty from serving his country. He disapproves of all such conditions as those which limit the choice of directors of companies to persons having a pecuniary interest in the undertaking. Find your fit man, and put him in his proper place, is the one golden rule of government that he admits. He even thinks it necessary to insist that this fit man shall be subjected to no hindrances that will cripple his usefulness. He points out how sadly overworked modern English statesmen often are, how much the nation loses by this, and how largely this overwork is due to a silly parsimony which will not place at the disposal of the head man a sufficient staff of subordinates to save his brain from the extra toil of mere routine employment. All this is very good sense, and there can be hardly any better test of the excellence of a government than the degree in which it permits and enables the best rulers to rule, and saves them from having to throw their energies away. But the choice of such men, and the possibility of their being chosen, can scarcely be said to be questions of organization. They depend on a nation having right views of government, and those views are derived from a thousand subtle causes—from historical traditions, from the distribution of wealth prevailing in the nation, from the class of men who are, as a matter of fact, induced to accept public employment. To say that the evil effects of organization are to be remedied by so superior an effort of organization as having a succession of men at the head of all that is organized who can give the machine life and elasticity, is undoubtedly an indication of a practical truth, but does not furnish us with any key to action at all similar to that which a good organizer could suggest who heard of such difficulties as that attending the party where the carriages could not get away.

There is, however, as we have said, a central truth in all this discussion about organization, and it is this. In every arrangement of human society, and every effort of the human mind and will acting upon masses, organization must come in, and if we recognise this, we shall often find most useful hints for the attainment of objects remote from what we naturally call organization. The author suggests two very happy instances. The drama might, he says, exercise a far greater influence than it does on modern life, and a far more elevating one. But if it is to do so, the theatre must be well organized; all that attention to comfort, airiness, light, elegance, and quiet can effect ought to be provided. There is much in this suggestion, for it admits of wide application. At least a third of all philanthropic and benevolent energy is wasted because there is no thought given to the working of a proper machinery. Common life and the benevolent scheme do not seem to have in any degree the same centre. It is like high art exhibited to people sitting on hard

narrow seats in bad air. In neither case do those who are invited to be interested feel at home and at ease. Another instance of what contrivance in details can do to aid the execution of great purposes is suggested by the author in speaking of the drunkenness of the English poor. He remarks that almost all the frequenters of the gin-shop stand while they drink; and he observes that in all probability a considerable reform might be effected if persons anxious to drink were only induced to sit down. They would drink more slowly, for they would be more likely to be amused, and to talk and think, than they can do if they hastily swallow their poison while they stand. Attention to organization might, we have no doubt, suggest many ingenious remarks of this kind; and a little skillfulness in trifles might often effect what grander efforts fail to produce. It is therefore very useful that an author who can write so as to be read should paint the advantages of organization in their brightest colours; and while no one will read through this volume without being amused, few will be able to lay it down without having to acknowledge that they have gathered from it some useful hints.

SIR HENRY HOLLAND'S ESSAYS.*

OPINIONS may differ as to the value of popularised science. It may reasonably be questioned whether the enormous demand for it does not foster a tendency for showy speculation in scientific men; and there can be little doubt that the abundant supply of it produces a very unfounded conceit of scientific knowledge in the multitude they address. But there can be no question at all that the demand exists, and is growing; and if it is to be satisfied, as of course it must be, the supply cannot be furnished with more profit and less harm than in papers like those which compose the book before us. Sir Henry Holland is admirably suited to be a popular exponent of scientific mysteries. A great physician is naturally pointed out as a fitting intermediary between the ignorant who are hard of understanding and the sages who are awkward of expression. He cannot but be thoroughly familiar with the weaknesses of the human intellect in persons who have been superficially instructed. His profession brings him into constant contact with the weakest minds at their weakest moments. That a man of great powers and attainments should have it for his professional function to force into the minds of old women an intelligent appreciation of the rules they are to observe and the remedies they are to take, is no doubt a striking illustration of the base uses to which great intellect may come. But the habit admirably fits him for the task of making hard things intelligible to the multitude. On the other hand, his profession brings him into close connection with the men of science. It is based upon a familiar acquaintance with that great science upon which all other sciences that deal with matter more or less intimately depend. Yet he is not so entirely involved in scientific pursuits as to be necessarily the partisan of a theory or the disciple of a school. He is more concerned in the practical application than in the theoretic explanation of the results of an experiment; and, therefore, he is naturally disposed to draw the line very sharply between the facts that have been actually ascertained and the eager speculations which they have prompted.

The great merit of these Essays is the practical and sober spirit in which their author's great stores of knowledge are conveyed. Sir Henry Holland has been a scientific student of no ordinary capacity and research. The present volume attests how numerous have been the sciences to which his attention has been directed, and how closely he has followed the details of every new discovery in each. But his scientific tastes never betray him into forgetting the salutary mental training of his profession. The dread of unsafe generalizations, which is so essential an ingredient in the character of a successful physician, is conspicuous in every page of these Essays. Most of the subjects over which his survey passes are full of temptations to build systems in the air; and they are temptations which are often too strong for the driest scientific calculators, and almost always for those who are writing to entertain as well as to instruct their readers. But Sir Henry's virtue is proof even against the most alluring of them. He has no taste for the shoreless ocean of imaginative cosmogony, and absolutely refuses to steer for a single moment out of sight of the landmarks of ascertained fact. That such a sober temper of mind enormously enhances the value of his scientific lessons to the ignorant need hardly be said. But they will not be without their use even to the most accomplished men of science, if it persuades them that a scientific teacher can be popular and fascinating without the aid of poetical speculations.

The difficulties under which scientific men labour, and the seductions to which they are exposed at the present day, are very formidable, and they have a proportionate need of the self-restraint of which Sir Henry Holland gives them so good an example. The temptations to such generalizations as that of the *Vestiges*, or of Mr. Darwin, and of a score of other writers, greater and smaller, is almost overwhelming. The movement of science during the last century has tended all in one direction. It has drawn constantly closer the universal analogy of all phenomena. It has made natural laws grander, fewer, and more all-embracing, and has increasingly tended to exclude the action of causes whose operation cannot be formulated into a law. What science has hitherto tended to do has been, in respect of matter, to establish uniformity, and extirpate

exceptions—in respect of intelligence, whether human or super-human, to resolve its working into the action of an immutable necessity. Of course, it is impossible to predict how long, or how far, this tendency of modern thought may carry its operations. It would be the part of logical reasoners, knowing how often the current of human convictions has changed, not to attempt to anticipate the results of future exploration, but to wait patiently upon the footsteps of discovery. But all those who devote themselves to science are not thus coldly logical. They possess imaginations as warm, and yield to them as readily, as the devotees of a darker age. They persuade themselves that the past course of scientific discovery points out with unmistakable distinctness the goal towards which it is really tending, and that it is both easy and safe to clear by one bound of the imagination the remaining interval through which patient induction has yet a weary progress to achieve. To push to their strongest conceivable expression the changes which recent investigation has worked in our ideas, seems to them the surest, as undoubtedly it is the shortest, road to the philosophy of the future. The theories concerning the transmutation of species which have been successively put forth by La Marck, the author of the *Vestiges*, St. Hilaire, and Mr. Darwin, and which represent a considerable amount of floating opinion, are a cardinal instance of this tendency. Science has undoubtedly broken down many of the barriers which used to separate man from the beasts, and erected him into a special and exceptional work of the Creator. It has discovered and arranged in their due order the steps of the animated ladder of which he is only the highest round. It has shown the close analogy between his animal structure and that of the brutes who are closest below him, and has broken down the absolute distinction between intellect and instinct by which his exceptional position was formerly supposed to be fenced. It is very tempting to go a step further, and to lay down that this regularity of graduation is only the monument of a process of regular development. It is not easy to prove that such a theory is untrue, for it is always proverbially difficult to prove a negative. But the proof—the animal caught in process of development—is wanting, and seems likely to remain so. The development of idea in the structure of successive genera is plain and indisputable enough. Every year furnishes new illustrations of it. But the development in fact is as far from demonstration as it was when La Marck first began his studies. The theory has, in truth, been generated by the effort to push further off the exceptional and unintelligible act of creation. But, as Sir Henry Holland justly remarks, a succession of creations, however numerous, is less difficult of conception than a single creation which should contain in germ such a marvellous series of transmutations.

In other Essays, he notices, in order to guard against them, similar instances of attractive but hasty generalization. In some such cases, the further steps of discovery upon which theorists had counted have not only not been taken, but the steps that have been taken turn unfortunately the other way. Two such cases occur in the science of astronomy. It has long been well known to astronomers that the solar system is travelling through space with enormous velocity in the direction of the constellation Hercules, and that the so-called fixed stars generally are subject to a proper motion of some kind. It was an attractive and not unreasonable theory that this motion of the sidereal system was, like that of the planets, a motion round some common centre. If ever it was legitimate to generalize beyond the limits of absolute proof, this extension to the universe of the laws of our own system might seem to be a fair occasion for doing so. The idea was ardently seized upon by Mädler, and he even went so far as to fix upon one of the Pleiades as the centre of the revolutions of the universe, and maintained his point by calculations of great ingenuity. But even so slight and so plausible an anticipation of the destined route of science was fated to fail. The awkward fact that the plane of the Milky Way is such that it cannot, without great violence, be supposed to be taking part in the general revolution, seems fatal to the proposed elevation of the Pleiad to be the Sun of the whole universe. Sir Henry notices in terms of just rebuke Lieut. Maury's absurd but mischievous effort to prove the theory out of the text in the Book of Job—"Canst thou tell the sweet influence of the Pleiades?" The break-down of the nebular hypothesis under the disclosures of Lord Rosse's telescope furnishes another instance of a promising speculation prematurely cut short. The passage in which Sir Henry notices this last disenchantment is a good specimen of the unsleeping caution of his language. He will not even hastily assume that the theory whose break-down he details is finally disproved. That, and every other question upon which the facts do not speak unmistakably, must be held to be in suspense:—

The third great result from Lord Rosse's telescope, viz., the resolution into stars of many nebulae before unresolved, bears closely on the question, so much agitated of late, as to the existence of a self-luminous nebular matter diffused in different parts of space, and forming the material out of which worlds are aggregated and systems of stars are brought into being. This theory, sanctioned by eminent names, and plausible at least in its application to our own planetary system, found support in the aspect of such unresolved nebulous lights in the remote heavens. The simple fact that the progressive increase of telescopic power has in the same ratio disclosed to us these luminous masses as clusters of innumerable stars must be considered a cogent, though not a decisive, argument against it; the nebulae still not analyzed presenting the same aspect as those which have been thus recently resolved, and perhaps awaiting only a higher power given to the eye to afford the same results. Furthermore it may reasonably be doubted whether nebulous matter yet uncondensed into stars could, from distances such as these, radiate light apparently equal in intensity to that of nebulae known to be composed entirely of stars. The whole question, by the very terms of it, will be felt as one incapable at present of any complete solution. But the negative upon the modern nebular theory has been strengthened, and those bold specula-

* *Essays on Scientific and other Subjects.* By Sir Henry Holland, Bart., M.D. London: Longman. 1862

tions placed in abeyance which dealt with the consolidation of worlds as if it were a matter of familiar observation, and within the compass and calculation of ordinary science. We acknowledge ourselves of the number of those who think this to be a salutary check, and in accordance with the true interests and legitimate course of physical inquiry.

For many reasons, Sir Henry's caution of language and of thought in dealing with such vast problems as the origin of worlds, or the first introduction of the various forms of life upon our planet, or the connection of vital power with the laws of matter on the one hand and the phenomena of mind on the other, is well worthy to be a pattern to other scientific writers. Not only is caution demanded by the subjects with which they deal, but by the age in which they write. All these enigmas are thought, very groundlessly, to affect the conclusions of theology; and they have accordingly been made the missiles in a religious warfare. On the one hand, theologians are watching with nervous jealousy every step which science takes towards the elucidation of these questions, believing that a hostile movement is masked by its advance. On the other hand, those who bear revelation no good will are very quick to elicit from each new discovery some materializing theory that shall disquiet their antagonists. Both are equally illogical. However far the chain of causation may be lengthened out—however distant the point to which the act of creation is pushed back—the freethinker gains nothing, and the theologian loses nothing. Whether creation be mediate or immediate, it still remains as unintelligible to the one, and as real to the other. Whatever the results of this warfare may be, it is only science that can suffer—loaded with theories that it does not justify, and clogged with suspicions that it does not deserve. Those who wisely cherish its interests will spare no pains to prevent its investigations from being dragged into such an arena. The evil can only be averted by the vigorous adherence to positive facts which is observed in the book before us—refusing alike the intrusion of Biblical arguments upon science from the one side, and unproved generalizations from the other.

OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK.*

IT is not surprising that the extraordinary success of Mr. Wilkie Collins, in his clever *Woman in White*, should tempt other writers of fiction to borrow a portion of his machinery for producing effects. The ways of telling a story were supposed to be pretty well exhausted when the contemporaneous diaries of Miss Halcombe and Count Fosco burst upon the public with all the attraction of a piquant novelty. Before then, we had had novels written in the first person, and novels in the third—novels in the form of letters, and novels in dialogue. But it remained for Mr. Collins to revolutionize the unities, and to clothe the novel in a new dress. By throwing his story into the shape of a series of journals, kept by different writers, independently of each other, but supposed to be written contemporaneously, he succeeded in arousing in his readers the peculiar sort of interest which is awakened by a drama in which a simultaneous action is supposed. We are far from considering this a mere trick, designed to tickle the sated palate of novel-eaters. It was a stroke of real art to admit the reader to the confidence, as it were, of the principal characters unfolded to him in the story—to exhibit them plotting and manœuvring against each other—and to show, with all the vividness of autobiography, the impressions made on one person by the sayings and doings of another. Half our life is spent in speculating how we appear to others, and whether our acts and words produce on others the impression we intend them to convey. In real life there is no solution of the lifelong problem, but in its counterfeit presentment in a novel the reader has the advantage of possessing the key to the puzzle.

However ingenious the form of narrative introduced in the *Woman in White*, and copied in the volume now under review, it is not unattended with risk. A story told in a series of disjointed chronicles is apt to get confused and involved, and to lose that perspicuity which is essential in a novel. Nor is much effect gained, where, as in this case, the diary or secret record reflects no plot and counterplot. The interest of the midnight lucubrations of Miss Halcombe is derived from the intellectual duel in which she was pitted against the wily Italian. But here we have, for the most part, the journals of two very commonplace characters—the strong-minded woman and the gushing old maid—in no way opposed to each other, but co-operating, though in a very odd way, in the same "good work." What that "good work" was will be best gathered by a perusal of the book. To us it appears that it would be more fitly described as "Olive Blake's work of supererogation." We cannot see it in the meritorious light in which Mr. Jeaffreson, with the partiality of a parent, evidently regards it. We must frankly confess, at the risk of being thought very defective in our moral perceptions, that the "good work" commemorated in these pages, if it did not spring from motives altogether indefensible, savours much more of the comparative readiness to rip up their own bowels which the races of the far East display than of the obligations of Christian duty.

Olive Blake is a young heiress, who, in pursuance of sundry directions in her father's will, contracts an alliance with a rich young banker, the son of the chief partner in the firm. The marriage was completely one "de convenance," but not unhappy. But Mr. Arthur Petersham proves a thorough Joseph Surface. One day, as Olive is sitting in her drawing-room in Grosvenor

Square, a lady is announced, who, with evident sincerity and great apparent reluctance, states her pretensions to the title of Mrs. Petersham. This is Etty Tree, who had eloped from Laughton, where was the country seat of the Petershams, ostensibly with a certain Major Watchit, but in reality with the prodigal young banker. Of course, Olive scouts the idea of her husband's baseness, and her dangerous visitor is shortly after consigned to a madhouse. It is not till sundry disclosures in the Divorce Court have revealed to her the real character of Mr. Petersham—now Lord Byfield—that a conviction of the truth of his previous marriage dawns on her. Upon this she determines to devote the rest of her life to the work of atonement and reparation. Aided by an enthusiastic doctor and an attorney possessed of the large sympathies with which, in novels only, the race is credited, she starts on a tour of the lunatic asylums in search of the unfortunate Etty, whom she at last succeeds in unearthing. The next step is to obtain evidence of her marriage. A fortune is spent in ransacking parish registers. At last the marriage lines are discovered, and Lord Byfield, with the terror of a double prosecution for bigamy and forgery hanging over him, is compelled by the relentless Olive to resign the whole of his personal estate in favour of his child by the injured Etty. This is, in brief, the good work to which Olive Blake consecrates her life. In our humble opinion, there is something very far-fetched and repulsive about it. It is difficult to avoid suspecting that the lady was actuated throughout by a desire for revenge; and this view is confirmed by the violent language and bitter hatred displayed towards her husband, in her last interview, when he lies at her mercy. But, supposing her motives pure, it is impossible to acquit her of conduct, to say the least, indelicate and unladylike. There was not the least occasion for her to devote her days to the one object of damaging her own reputation. In law, no one is bound to criminate himself, and in morals there is no canon which enjoins the duty of fouling one's own nest. In an artistic point of view, moreover, it was a grave error to cast upon the second victim of Mr. Petersham's perfidy the task of vindicating the fair fame of the first. The injuries of poor Etty ought to be redressed, but not by the instrument selected by the author. The sympathy which her own efforts to prove her marriage would naturally evoke is altogether alienated from the brazen and self-elected champion of her cause. Perhaps the reader would not be satisfied unless, in the sequel, her rights were allowed; but it by no means follows that he can sympathize with the exertions made on her behalf by a strong-minded woman labouring, with unmistakable gusto, to substantiate the proofs of her own misfortune.

It is a cynical but a true observation that zealots in good works have not infrequently a peculiar way of indemnifying themselves for the sacrifice which virtuous deeds entail. Either they mar their good works by eccentricity, or, at intervals between them, they fairly give the old Adam his revenge. The character of Olive Blake reflects, in a marked degree, this amiable feature. If her principles were high and her conduct unselfish, she made up for it by venting her spite whenever she could do so with impunity. Quixotically devoted to the cause of Etty Tree, whom she was in no way bound to befriend, she lost no opportunity of bullying without mercy Tabitha Tree, who had never given her the slightest cause of offence. We must briefly unfold the cruel wrongs of Tabitha. Hard was the lot of the eldest Miss Tree, who was an old maid of the sensitive and gushing type. She begins life by an unrequited attachment to Julian Gower, who of course falls in love with her pretty sister. Although eventually united to the object of her young affections, it is only after a long and chequered career, during which she figures consistently as the scapegoat of the tale. On the death of her grandfather, she has to take to keeping a school, until her academy for young ladies is knocked on the head by the disgrace of her sister's elopement. Then she becomes a governess in London. Lastly, we find her the matron of a hospital for sick children. In this capacity she first comes, to her misfortune, in contact with Olive Blake. For some very good, but utterly unintelligible reason, that lady takes to a system of mysterious persecution of the poor little woman. When, weary with over-nursing, she goes to take the air in Hyde Park, she is suddenly accosted by a tall lady with a black veil (Olive Blake of course), who tells her such horrid things of her sister's career—all of them pure inventions—that she faints away and is brought home insensible to the hospital. Next, her feelings are harrowed up by being given to understand that her sister was dead; and she is actually suffered to erect a monument in Highgate Cemetery to the memory of Etty, who was all the while alive and well in Miss Olive Blake's villa at Fulham. Having lacerated the feelings of her innocent victim in every conceivable way, it remained for her ingenious tormentress to wound them on the point where Tabitha, as an old maid approaching forty, was peculiarly vulnerable. Julian Gower returns from America a rich man, and, hearing of Etty's death, proposes to marry her surviving sister "for an idea." It is needless to say that the offer is rapturously accepted. But the remorseless Olive is ready with a wet blanket. Meeting the affianced one in Russell Square, she taunts her with the improbability of her having any issue. The marriage day arrives. Tabitha, who wanted a quiet wedding, not because she was ashamed of becoming a wife at her advanced age, but because the circumstances of her history made her unduly sensitive of the curiosity of her neighbours, had kept her intended marriage a profound secret. Early on the happy morning she put on a light muslin walking dress, and a white muslin bonnet trimmed with a spray of green,

* *Olive Blake's Good Work*. A Novel. By John Cordy Jeaffreson. Chapman & Hall.

and stole off to the church on Julian's arm. To her astonishment she observes on the road the whole population of the neighbourhood bending in the same direction. On reaching the church, the bride and bridegroom find it crammed from end to end with relatives of sick children whom Tabitha had nursed. This was of itself enough to throw a gushing little old maid into a flutter; but Julian nearly upset her altogether by thoughtlessly exclaiming, with a shout of thunder, "Good heavens! the church is full of poor people. Every corner is crammed. They are all poor people, and they are all her friends!" How she got through the ceremony she never knew. But how much greater would have been her agitation and fluster could she have known that behind a screen in that very church were her long-lost sister and Olive Blake, complacently witnessing the whole scene, and joining with immense fervour in the prayer for the procreation of children, the whole of which "beautiful collect" Mr. Jeaffreson is careful to insert. After this unprecedented ovation, it may be supposed that the much-tried Tabitha found repose and happiness. Not a bit of it. Her married life is soon disturbed anew by the tormenting attentions of the ubiquitous Olive Blake. The prognostications in which that lady had so maliciously indulged, came true. She is a wife, but no mother. One day, after she had sat for a long time observing how the trees shed their leaves, and meditating on the mysterious causes which prevented her from following their example, "and participating in the ordinary joy of creation," a strange lady (Olive again, of course), accosts her with the inquiry, "Do you remember what I said to you a few nights before your luckless marriage?" Even the worm will occasionally turn again, and Tabitha's patience was fairly exhausted:—

"I told you," continued the lady, speaking very lowly, and throwing the venom of bitterness into each of her words, "then, what experience teaches you now. I said you will be happy if you have children. But a childless wife no husband can really love."

"Wicked, cruel woman," I said hoarsely—"you struck that arrow into my heart then, and you come to-night to turn round its barbed fangs. Is not woman's nameless grief sacred to you?"

"Then you are wretched?" she observed, with composure, taking up my admission.

"Leave me," I said—"you have no right to speak to me thus. Oh! that we were men!"

Once more the unwelcome visitant crosses poor Tabitha's path—for the friendly purpose of insinuating that her husband is unfaithful to her, and that a boy whom he has recently adopted, and who is really the child of her sister, is the offspring of some illicit attachment. Having well nigh maddened her victim by these innuendoes, she carries her off to her villa at Fulham—promising to give her proofs of her husband's faithfulness. In this suburban retreat, she exhibits through a glass door to her horrified gaze, Julian Gower in the act of embracing a lady—no other, of course, than Etty whom he had believed dead for the last seventeen years. An *éclaircissement* takes place, and Tabitha's tortures end. It is pleasant to observe that, in the sequel, she was rewarded for all her trials in the way she most appreciated. She became the mother of a son and daughter. This will be satisfactory intelligence to all, and interesting to the physiologist in particular, as proving her capacity, after all, "to participate in the universal and harmonious operations of nature."

"It may be asked," writes Olive Blake at the conclusion of her journal, "why I gave that gentle Christian woman needless pain?" The question seems to us a very pertinent one; and here is our author's answer. "Reader, have you never known the pleasure of trying the utmost speed of a horse, the utmost to which you may bend the lithe firm steel of a fencing foil, the utmost to which you may tax your own powers of endurance, the utmost at which you may rate the excellence of anything that you cordially admire?" These are very high-flown sentiments; but we beg leave to follow them out a little further to their legitimate conclusions. Reader, have you never known the pleasures of spinning cockchafers, and accelerating the speed of a sluggish donkey with a pin? Have you never known the delight of throwing red-hot coppers to starving beggar boys? of removing from beneath an aged relative the chair upon which she is about to descend? of twitting a poor dependent with the fact that his father was transported or hung? Should fate have cast your humble lot amidst the traffic in cheap furs, have you never known the pleasure of easing the stray cat of his superfluous integument? You "cordially admire" the article, and are merely anxious to "test the utmost at which, with a view to a purchaser, you may rate it." We are really shocked to have to remind so superior a woman as Olive Blake that there are certain pleasures in which it is quite as well not to indulge.

Some of the earlier scenes in this story show considerable descriptive talent. But it is that kind of descriptive talent which goes no further than the surface of things—which aims at hitting off external features of place or person, but evinces no deep sympathy with nature, and no real insight into character. We can hardly believe that the portrait of the schoolboy, Arthur Williams, could emanate from any but a female hand. Conceive a "leonine youngster," who could sing French and English ballads, accompany himself on the pianoforte, write comic verses after the manner of the *Rejected Addresses*, and rattle away in the most delightfully self-complacent man-of-the-world style. And who, with the faintest scintilla of Eton or Harrow experience, would make a schoolboy reply to an invitation to join a cricket club in the following terms?—

Thank you, Mrs. Gower. I will gladly join the Club, for I am very fond

of cricket. But there is no fear of my days passing slowly if you will allow me the privilege of waiting on you and accompanying you in your drives about the neighbourhood.

JOHN ROGERS.*

WHATEVER be the result of the civil war now raging in America, there seems little doubt that it will tend more and more to develop the national character of the people, and to obliterate what yet remains of habit and sentiment akin to those of the Mother-country. In a few years, if we mistake not, even the affectation of a claim to English descent and of regard for English tradition will be lost throughout the greater part of the States. Whatever may be the proportions in which the blood of so many races is now mingled in the body of the American population, we perceive, more clearly every day, that the result of the fusion has been to produce a national character, sufficiently strongly marked, diverging widely in almost every particular from the English type. But this character has, of course, its own varieties and modifications; and we would willingly hope that in some districts at least, such as the States of New England, the connexion of race may yet continue for some generations to be distinctly marked, and gracefully acknowledged on both sides. The book before us is a sign of good augury for such an issue. The writer announces himself as one who, "in common with thousands of his New England brethren, was traditionally a descendant from John Rogers, the proto-martyr of Queen Mary's persecution." In the name of this champion of the Reformation a deep interest is still felt in the land which was peopled by so many sufferers for conscience sake, by so many staunch adherents of the extreme doctrines of religious liberty. It seems that even now certain verses, ascribed to John Rogers, apocryphal as Mr. Chester is obliged to pronounce them, are among the first committed to memory by the children in the North Eastern States. The people of this part of the Union can, in numerous instances, trace their descent from persons of more or less distinction in the history of our religious troubles, and it would seem that to be enrolled in the clan of the Rogerses, directly or collaterally, is an object of no little pride and ambition. We honour the sentiment, and would willingly indulge and cherish it. In Mr. Chester himself we hail a kindred spirit. Throughout his book we meet with nothing whatever, barring one or two of the most trifling Shibboleths, to distinguish it in language, still less in tone and spirit, from the work of one of our own countrymen; and it is very gratifying to find, in the gloomy present and still gloomier future in prospect, traces of such true English blood in a race with whom we would always live on a good cousinly understanding. We should have been very sorry if the pen of an Englishman had dispelled the fond illusions of the clan of Rogers in New England; and it is not without a pang that we allow the pleasing dream to be invaded even by one of themselves. But Mr. Chester has pursued his induction with ruthless sincerity. During a protracted visit to the Mother-country, as he tells us, he devoted a considerable time to genealogical researches, in order to establish, if possible, the correctness of the claims before us. The result has been most unsatisfactory. It appears that there is no presumption whatever, beyond the mere identity of a very common surname, for supposing that any of the Rogerses to whom any American family can trace its origin was a descendant, or even a connexion, of the proto-martyr. The best that can be said even for the claim of Sir Frederic Rogers, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, whose family is supposed to stand first for the honour in this country, seems to be no more than that a certain John Rogers in Cromwell's time, who got himself into trouble, and fancied himself a confessor for the faith, chose to call the original John Rogers, the martyr, his "most honoured predecessor."

The case is certainly a singular one, and, to the persons interested, provoking enough. The name of Rogers had been common and not undistinguished among the Puritan divines of the seventeenth century, and the descent of many of these may be traced upwards to the time of Elizabeth. On the other hand, John Rogers the martyr left a numerous family of seven sons, as well as four daughters, and though their means must have been straitened after his death, the noble endowments of our universities sufficed to educate and send forth the two eldest of them, whose abilities gained them deserved advancement. Daniel and John, apparently the eldest and second sons, both married and left children, whose names at least are recorded. The four daughters also married, and the names of their husbands are known. Of the other sons we learn nothing; nor can any ingenuity hook on the descending line of the family of the martyr to the ascending line of the family of John Rogers of Oldham, of Timothy Rogers of Chappell, or, we fear, of the eccentric John Rogers, sometime Rector of Purlieigh, afterwards inmate of half a dozen of Cromwell's prisons, and lastly M.D. and practitioner of Bermondsey, whose son founded the fortunes of the Devonshire baronets of that name.

The enthusiasm of Mr. Chester, the author of this biographical investigation, is not checked by this misadventure:—

Personally unsatisfactory (he says) as were his labours in that direction, they led him imperceptibly into another, and it was not long before he became thoroughly imbued with the conviction that historical justice had

* John Rogers: the Compiler of the first authorized English Bible; the Pioneer of the English Reformation; and its First Martyr. Embracing a Genealogical Account of his Family, Biographical Sketches of some of his principal Descendants, his own Writings, &c. &c. By Joseph Lemmel Chester. Longmans.

never yet been done to the person whose eventful career forms the subject of these pages. He soon discovered that the only original account concerning him, which has been received as authentic for nearly three centuries, was full of the widest discrepancies and grossest errors. Modest and humble—unambitious of a record on the common roll of fame—actuated by higher and holier motives than the attainment of a name among men—while he lived he carefully avoided all appearance of ostentation, and never claimed the honours to which he was justly entitled; while after his death his very memory was rudely thrust aside, in order to make room for that of his associates who had been, indeed, his official superiors, but who, generally, were infinitely his inferiors, as well in regard to their character and attainments as to the services which they had rendered the Church and the world. Plain John Rogers could easily be elbowed out of the works of historians who would have described the length of his nails, and enumerated the hairs of his beard, if, as in other cases in his times, he had fortunately tumbled into a bishopric.

This invidious contrast is especially pointed at Coverdale and Ridley, both of whom, and possibly Cranmer also, would, if all men had their due, have yielded their mitres—so Mr. Chester broadly insinuates—to Rogers. Nothing material, it seems, is known of Rogers's career till we find him associated with Tyndale in the translation of the Bible at Antwerp. Tyndale and Frith, who is also associated with him in this work, are removed by martyrdom, and the completion and publication of the Bible known as Matthew's fall entirely into the hands of Rogers. Mr. Chester's labours were directed to show that to Rogers the far greater part of the work is due, and to secure for him the credit of being the real founder of our faith as English Protestants, not by his version only, but by the notes he appended to it, the prefaces with which he furnished its various books, and, above all, the common-place book or concordance which he adapted to it. It is certain that the Matthew Bible, to whomsoever the main credit of it is due, superseded that of Coverdale which appeared immediately before it, and which is chiefly noticeable as being the first complete translation of the Bible in English. It is true also that the Matthew version is far more accordant with our Protestant views of the real meaning of Scripture, and it is a more advanced translation. It does not seek to compromise with Popery, and we may accordingly rejoice that it was so ordained that this version should obtain so easy and complete a victory over that of Coverdale. It may be doubted, however, whether this triumph was owing altogether to its superiority either in doctrine or execution, as Mr. Chester unhesitatingly proclaims. It happened curiously—or, as we may be allowed to say, providentially—that Coverdale's Bible, which came out under the direct patronage of Cromwell, and which certainly strained many points to keep on decent terms with the old Church, was placed by its dedication under the protection of Anne Boleyn at a moment when poor Boleyn's star was beginning to decline. The sale of the work was immediately suspended. The King's countenance was withheld from it. The expectation that it would be at once sanctioned by the Bishops and recommended from authority was for the time frustrated. Anne Boleyn perished, and the dedication was cancelled or remodelled. The work began gradually to make way, and Coverdale was allowed to go to Paris and superintend the printing there of a second edition, which, however, was cut short by the French Government; but in the meanwhile the better and bolder work of Tyndale and his coadjutors saw the light, and recommended itself at once to the favour of the genuine Reformers. Such was the accident or the providence which prevented the movement of the Reformation from being prematurely stayed by the crude doctrinal views or timid concessions of the first translator of the Bible.

Whatever Rogers's share in the great work of the Matthew Bible may have really been, there is no doubt that, on the removal of Tyndale and Frith, the malice of the Romanists centred on him alone. It was nearly twenty years after the publication of the rival translations that the penalty was exacted of their authors. The proportions this penalty assumed sufficiently mark the degree of odium in which the versions were respectively held by the now dominant Roman party. Among the multitudes of all ranks and characters who were designated by common fame as holding the obnoxious opinions, the leaders of the Marian persecution made their choice of victims—some for the conspicuousness of their position, as Hooper and Ridley, to terrify men of learning and standing—some, such as Latimer, for their zeal and popularity. Cranmer was a political rather than a religious victim. Rogers was sentenced, we may believe, not for his station, his influence, or his learning, but from sheer malice, as the man who, by the publication of his bold uncompromising Bible, had done the most irretrievable damage to the cause of the reactionists. And as the passions of Bonner and Gardiner appear often to have had more sway over them than any calculations of policy, it seems that they chose for their first victim, not the loftiest in rank or the most potent in influence, but simply the man against whom they felt the most personal spite. Coverdale was seized and imprisoned among the first; but he, though a Bishop and a translator, was presently released, and suffered to leave the country without further molestation. But Rogers, an obscure priest without any official station, and little noted for his powers as a preacher or a polemic, was harshly confined, brutally worried, and finally consigned to the stake, the first of the long file of martyrs of the Marian persecution. This undoubtedly is his real title to distinction. It seems unfortunately not to have caught the eye of Foxe, who accordingly treats him merely as one of the common herd, and takes no pains to ascertain the facts of his life, or to vindicate his claims to any large share in the work in which he assisted. Mr. Chester has done well in bringing out in stronger

relief the individuality of the man, and his volume has the further merit of setting the people and the times before us with much vividness and reality. It was hardly necessary, perhaps, to pull down some honoured names in order to do justice to the unhonoured; but we are content, for our part, to leave our biographer to the Nemesis which has extinguished in him all hope of connecting himself with the object of his partial laudation.

ABEL DRAKE'S WIFE.*

FEW peculiarities of modern fashion are more conspicuous than the change which has come over novel-writing. Nelson's flagship does not present a greater contrast in form and structure to the *Monitor* than does the work of fiction of Sir Walter Scott's age to the novels of the present day. Formerly, it was thought necessary to have a distinctly marked hero and heroine, whose love-making under difficulties was the main topic of the book, and who were, as a matter of course, happily married in the last chapter. Now, however, we have changed all that. We no longer expect to find a wedding at the end of vol. iii.—in fact, we very often do not have any third volume at all; yet sometimes we are deluded into a fourth. We are quite accustomed to have our hero and heroine married out of hand early in the story, or before it begins, and too often to find the love-making point towards Sir C. Cresswell. Indeed, novelists are not in the least particular about indulging us with much love-making, or even about having a recognised hero at all. In the good old times, "our hero" was an established synonyme for the fortunate young gentleman's name, and the only doubt allowed was, which of two eligible young ladies should be proclaimed heroine. Now, we have to take our choice among a variety of characters, all possessing equally slight claims to fill the vacant dignity. We need not stop to inquire whether the change is for the better or not, or to investigate the causes which have produced this result. The fact is sufficiently patent, and the responsibility is shared by almost every living writer of fiction who has any claim to extended reputation. Sir Bulwer Lytton's historical novels have a central figure, but substitute other motives and sentiments for love. *Vanity Fair*, *The Mill on the Floss*, *The Women in White*, *The Silver Cord*, have no hero at all; and it would be hard to name the true holder of that office in *Hypatia*, *The Newcomes*, *My Novel*, or several of Mr. Dickens's works. And as to marriage being regarded as the necessary termination, it may suffice to say that of the six or seven tales which were in course of publication three or four months ago in the several magazines, hardly one culminated in a wedding. The characters were either introduced to notice as already married couples, or were put through that ceremony incidentally in the course of the story. In truth, it would be unreasonable to expect anything like uniformity in mode of treatment, as long as people continue to think so many and such different matters suitable themes for a novel.

Mr. Saunders, the author of the novel now before us, could not possibly have written before the present generation—we might almost say before the present decade. He has caught the trick, of which Mr. Dickens has wearied us, of distinguishing people by peculiar physical traits. He does his very humble best to imitate George Eliot in portraying characters drawn from low life; and he follows with more diligence than success the custom of minutely describing a variety of scenes and incidents. But, above all, he shuns St. George's, Hanover Square, or its country equivalent, as unknown ground, and dispenses almost entirely with love-making, though of course not with love of one kind or another. We have taken the trouble to compare Mr. Saunders's other work, *The Shadow in the House*, with this his last effusion, and in both we find the same general framework. Two persons are married before the story commences, and the action depends on their mutual relations, and on the love of some one else for one of the pair. *The Shadow in the House* is a horribly murderous affair, and we gladly spare our readers the discussion of it. The main subject of *Abel Drake's Wife* is less completely worked out, and the book, on the whole, is perhaps worse written; but it is certainly less disagreeable reading. Abel Drake, a mill-hand, who has married a girl of his own class, heads a strike; after which, for no assignable reason, he deserts his wife, still a mere girl, and disappears. She rises in the world, and, believing him dead, engages herself to an eligible gentleman; whereupon, of course, her husband turns up, and she returns to him—which is all very well for her, but is slightly unsatisfactory for the young gentleman who wanted to marry her. It cannot be denied that there is a certain amount of originality in this idea, and not too much improbability. The faults lie more in the execution of the design than in the original conception. In Mr. Saunders's former novel, as well as in this one, the same defects are strongly marked, and no great improvement is to be observed. He indulges continually in minute descriptions of unimportant matters, which serve no other purpose than to fill a page; and his want of accurate observation tends to make these intended word-pictures not merely unintelligible, but confusing to the reader. And the same habit of inaccuracy is carried into the minor incidents of the tales. Different pages give contradictory accounts of the time that has elapsed and the ages of the personages; ladies appear in ball-dresses in the morning; and the small, but despotical, rules which govern the habits of every-day life seem to be either unknown to Mr.

* *Abel Drake's Wife*. A Novel. By John Saunders, Author of *The Shadow in the House*, *Love's Martyrdom*, &c. Lockwood. 1862.

Saunders, or habitually disregarded by him. Mr. Thackeray's not infrequent carelessness about minor names and dates, and the want of attention to truth of detail in other novelists, is no excuse for Mr. Saunders. The tendency of many living writers is rather to over-minuteness in such matters, and an author who has no high powers or distinct style of his own will do well, if he must write, to copy the accuracy of such writers as George Eliot.

But, to confine our attention to the book with which we are more immediately concerned, *Abel Drake's Wife* shows that the author has partly learned at least one lesson by experience. It is not so badly constructed as its predecessor. Incidents and descriptions, though unskillfully welded together, yet have some mutual relation and result; whereas a great part of the *Shadow in the House* is taken up with a detailed history of people who have but a slight connection with the principal characters. One step in the right direction is something to be proud of; and as Mr. Saunders has also made his second novel considerably shorter than his first, we may fairly expect that, about the time at which his plots begin to be properly constructed, his novels will have reached the vanishing point in respect of length. It is needless to say that the world will experience no very serious loss if this should happen speedily; for there is nothing in his style of writing, his characters, or his general notions of society, that is either intrinsically beautiful and valuable, or particularly like to actual life. It has more than once been said of a pretentious book, "there is a great deal that is new in it, and a great deal that is true; but what is new is not true, and what is true is not new." One might not perhaps be specially struck with the truth of anything contained in *Abel Drake's Wife*, but the novelty of many points is sufficiently conspicuous, and certainly, as a general rule, if not always, that which is new is not true. To begin with the scene in which the story is laid. The heroine is originally a factory girl, and is first introduced to the reader in a dingy court, which would seem to be in a large town; yet all the descriptions are of entirely rural scenery, and the manufacturer's wife is not only the recognised Lady Bountiful, but apparently also the only lady her poor neighbours have any knowledge of. And when we connect this with the assembling of large parties of neighbours several times over at the manufacturer's house, we become pretty certain that the author never formed a clear conception of the locality to which he was to introduce his readers. The faculty of setting a place, with the people in different grades of society living in and around it, vividly before the reader's eye, is perhaps in itself uncommon; and at any rate it is very rarely cultivated, so that Mr. Saunders has many sharers in his offence. Yet none the less is Barden Brow an impossible village, not to be recognised in Lancashire or anywhere else, at least by the description here given of it. Whether Mr. Saunders has lived in the society he professes to depict, or has evolved it out of his own moral consciousness, we cannot pretend to determine positively; but we strongly suspect the latter, or the existence of such a neighbourhood would have got wind, and a migration of governesses thither from all parts of the kingdom would have left the British matron elsewhere in absolute despair. Barden Brow and its vicinity is clearly the paradise of governesses, where they are not only treated with the consideration which is their due, though, like many other debts, it is very often not paid to them, but are literally the most important members of the family. The heroine, having been taken into a lady's family as nursemaid, she being then a rough and uneducated girl who has spent most of her time in factory work, at the end of two or three years is promoted to be governess, and her mistress gives a grand ball in honour of the event. The question how she contrived to acquire the requisite knowledge, and the manners of a lady, in the interval, without ever ceasing to perform her nursemaid's duties, may perhaps be answered by the remark that she is the heroine, and therefore by hypothesis capable of any astounding feats; but the importance bestowed upon her is in her capacity of governess, not of heroine, since the like honours are showered on her predecessor, who has nothing of the heroic about her. Possibly, Mr. Saunders may intend to read a moral lesson to the ladies of England, and, by representing as fact what he thinks ought to be the position of a governess, to shame them into consideration for his ill-used favourites. But we are bound to say that not a trace of this purpose appears, and meanwhile the antithesis between fact and Mr. Saunders's fiction is marked somewhat more strongly than usual. Perhaps we might wish that the ordinary usages of society approached more nearly than is actually the case to the ideal represented by Mr. Saunders in this one matter.

We are far from wishing or expecting this to happen with regard to his next view of life and manners, which is still more startling, and fully reconciles us to the conclusion at which we have already arrived, that no such place as is here described can ever have existed. We have already mentioned the first main incident of the book—that the heroine, from a factory-girl, becomes a nursemaid. We might observe, by the way, on the skill with which the name of Barbara was chosen for the heroine, and the equally common one of Evelina for the other girl of the same class casually introduced. One day, going into the garden to fetch one of the children, she finds him up in a tree, and his elder brother standing by smoking, who, to tease the unfortunate nurse, sets his dog at the child. Whereupon Barbara clutches the dog's throat, while the little boy comes down and runs away, and naturally gets bit for her pains. Presently the young man who has caused the mischief follows her into the nursery, and insists on doing a bit of extempore surgery by cauterizing the bite then and

there, for fear lest the dog should have been mad; and he takes advantage of the opportunity to consult Barbara, who has been his mother's nursemaid some six weeks, about his future career in life, when the following curious dialogue ensues:—

"Well, then, my father hates the army, and feels a good deal about my want of feeling for the mill. My mother I can manage; but, somehow, she holds me here in spite of myself. Barbara, do you like my mother? Ah, yes!—you needn't say any more. Your face speaks for you, as it does with all honest people before they get spoiled. Now, what would you do if you were me?"

"Settle it before next—I mean night—and either go to th' mill or th' army to-morrow, sir."

"Eh!—what? the deuce you would? On my life I believe you though. Hang me if I ever expected to find myself shamed by a woman. But I'm not going yet, if it be only for your sake."

"My sake, sir?"

"Yes, I'll stay a bit longer to plague you. Who taught you, I should like to know, to go at things in this straightforward fashion? I shouldn't wonder if you don't turn out a revolutionist of the first water—a Robespierre in petticoats, or a red republican fresh from the nursery. I want to know more about you; it's my duty to know more about you. You are hatching schemes of some sort. What means that light I have seen burning late in the night from your chamber window? Take care, Miss Barbara, my eye is upon you! Hullo!—what's the matter now?"

Here the mistress appears, and, after a moment's not unnatural surprise, thanks Barbara warmly for the good advice she has been giving. Can any one direct us to the place where young gentlemen are in the habit of taking maid-servants fresh from the cotton-mill into council on their most important affairs, and where model matrons approve of the arrangement? A summer holiday season might be spent profitably and pleasantly in exploring so curious a locality. One might expatiate on the singular views about military matters which Mr. Saunders appears to hold, and on his remarkable estimate of the consequences of desertion from the army. One might inquire how a lazy youth, who has nothing to do, and does it, from the beginning to the end of the book, contrived to support life during the interval, and what is the use of expending many chapters on the said vagabond, who does nothing to influence the course of the story. One would like to know, as a resource if we were in difficulties, the address of a manufacturer capable of taking into partnership, on the strength of a mechanical invention not yet tried, the man who had half ruined him by getting up a strike a few years before, and who was the husband of the woman his own son had been engaged to marry. But we think that enough has been said to show the extent of Mr. Saunders' merits, and the claim he has to the fulsome laudations inserted in every advertisement of his books.

STREET'S ACCOUNT OF STONE CHURCH.*

OF all the monographs of particular churches which have fallen under our notice, we have not seen one of greater artistic interest than Mr. Street's description of Stone Church in Kent—a building which has been fortunate in falling into such good hands, both for its written history and its material restoration. This Kentish village church is well known to antiquarians and architects for its extremely beautiful design and detail. It has been described and illustrated more than once, but proper justice has only now been done to it. Indeed, in its late mutilated condition, it was quite impossible to discern its full merits. There was enough left to show that the building had once been a perfect gem of Gothic architecture, but it required a thorough examination and removal of the modern accretions and debasements before many important but lost features of the original design could be recovered. For if few villages can boast of a finer relic of the earliest Pointed style than Stone Church, the successive parsons and churchwardens of the parish for many generations have excelled all their contemporaries in the destructive treatment of the beautiful specimen of art entrusted to their care. A recent change of incumbent, however, has been followed by a zealous endeavour to "restore" the church. The new authorities seem to have had the good sense not to put the building into the hands of the nearest builder dubbing himself an architect; nor, on the other hand, to call in the professional aid of any artist, however eminent, who was not able to devote himself to the personal study of the work. Mr. Street, an architect almost as distinguished in the literature as in the practice of his profession, undertook the task, and has fulfilled it most admirably. The present sumptuously printed and illustrated paper records the discoveries which he made during the progress of the works, and his interesting hypothesis as to the original designer of the church. It is sold, we may add, for the benefit of the restoration fund.

There is, perhaps, not an ancient village church in the country which would not amply reward a careful study. For a long time, it was fashionable to regard with a merely sentimental interest our old parish churches, with their "heaven-pointing" spires and their pealing bells. Those who emigrated to the colonies were always tenderly regretting these religious associations, which they had probably valued but little while they were at home; and the more thoughtful visitors to the old country from beyond the Atlantic—men of the Washington Irving type—used to tell us that we did not prize enough the ancient structures which in almost every parish connected our present political and religious life with the past. Besides which, there has never been wanting a race of indiscriminating archaeologists who loved our old churches for no better reason than because they were old, and who would defend any

* *Some Account of the Church of St. Mary, Stone, near Dartford.* By George Edmund Street, F.S.A. London: J. R. Smith. 1862.

abuses and debasements which they found existing, just as they would copy painfully all epitaphs, however unimportant, provided that they were of a certain antiquity. Not but that this class of men did good service in conserving what might otherwise have perished through sheer wantonness of destruction. Soon, however, public opinion took another turn. Inspired by the great religious movement of our time, people began to value churches not merely as historical monuments, but in proportion to the sacredness of the purposes for which they were built and used. Now this sentiment is tempered, but reinforced, by a strong artistic feeling. We have learnt to appreciate the beauty and freshness of the architecture, sculpture, and general decoration of our mediæval churches. Perhaps, too, the decay and mutilation which have befallen these structures in the course of centuries have invested them with a special charm. Certain it is that by general consent the wholesale "restoration" of churches, which was so common a few years ago, is now out of favour. Not that anyone, except perhaps a few enthusiasts, wishes to perpetuate the condition of neglect and ruin into which too many of our old churches had been suffered to fall. But it is now understood that a middle course is open to the church-restorer. It is possible to replace the fabric in substantial repair, and to remove excrescences and deformities, without destroying the actual handiwork of the old craftsmen. With our present knowledge of the principles of Gothic architecture, it is easy to decipher mouldings, and even to reconstruct missing portions of a design from a few fragmentary remains. But what no one can do is to mend, or recut, a piece of sculpture, whether of figures or of foliage, without obliterating the spirit and beauty of the original. It is here that we have suffered most from well-meant but most injudicious restoration. Too many of our finest cathedrals have sustained irremediable injury from this process on the largest scale. The first thing which a modern mason will do, unless he is watched, is to chisel over the whole surface of an ancient carving so as to remove flaws and scratches and defects, and to bring the whole to a neat uniform surface. It is needless to say that this is fatal. What survives the process is absolutely worthless. Every spark of the original spirit of the work will have disappeared with the removal of the finish and last touches of the old artist. Most happily this is beginning to be understood before it is too late to save the great bulk of our mediæval remains of ecclesiastical architecture. What is most to be feared in these days is that the necessary reparation of an old church should be entrusted to any architect who is too idle or too busy to superintend the actual progress of the works. The author of the volume now before us complains vehemently that even the most watchful inspection is sometimes ineffectual. When the architect's back is turned, the workman will relapse into his old ways. Mr. Street makes the useful suggestion that a contractor for any work of restoration should be bound under a heavy penalty to preserve untouched such ancient remains or details as might be scheduled in the agreement. We have been led into this digression by observing the numerous proofs which this volume affords of a most conservative spirit in the architect's treatment of this very remarkable mediæval remain.

It is not necessary to describe Stone Church in any detail. Suffice it to say that it is a parish church of early Gothic style and of no great dimensions. But it is remarkable for its rich ornamentation and architectural detail. Mr. Street explains this by showing that the manor and the rectory, ever since the time of Domesday, have belonged to the see of Rochester. He argues with great probability that the existing church was built by Bishop Laurence de St. Martin, whose episcopate lasted from A.D. 1251 to 1278. This date suits very well the character of the architecture; whereas the next Bishop, who was Walter de Merton, affected, as we know from his buildings at Oxford, a later development of the Pointed style. Nothing is recorded of the history of the church until the year 1638, when, in a violent thunder-storm, happening on January 14th, its roof and steeple were burnt and the fabric seriously damaged. There is little doubt that the spire and roof were of oak shingles, a method of covering very common among the Kentish woodlands, but very liable to injury by fire. The then rector, one Richard Chase, seems to have done little towards repairing the damage. He was arrested and petitioned against by his parishioners to the House of Commons in 1640, and accused of appropriating to the repairs of his own chancel some of the "breve money" collected for the general restoration. The vaulted roof of the chancel, an unhappily rare feature in English parish churches, seems to have fallen in through neglect; the windows were mutilated or blocked up, and the whole building became a wreck, in which condition it was suffered to remain till our own day.

In minutely examining the church with a view to its restoration, Mr. Street's practised eye was struck with the great resemblance of its architectural detail to that of the contemporary parts of Westminster Abbey. The First-Pointed work of Henry III. at Westminster was begun in 1245, and finished in 1269; and Mr. Street imagines, not without good reason, that the architect of the Minster was also the designer of the Kentish church. He describes the architecture of the building in these words:—

The church is internally a rare example of a building as nearly as possible in the same state as when it was first built. For a village church, its character is unusually sumptuous and ornate; and perhaps there is no example of any First-Pointed building in England in which the grace and delicacy which characterize the style have been carried to greater perfection. It is impossible, indeed, to speak too highly of the workmanship or of the design of every part, and, close as is its similarity in many points to our glorious Abbey at Westminster, it is a remarkable fact that in care and beauty of

workmanship the little village church is undoubtedly superior to the Minster. This might well be; for, with all its beauty and with all its vigour, the mere execution of much of the work at Westminster is not first-rate, and hardly such as one might expect in so important a position.

After a minute technical description of the several parts of the building, and an account of the ingenious process by which he succeeded in recovering the whole design of the perished windows, and the ruined vault of the chancel roof, from fragments of ribs, jambs, and mouldings, which had been worked up in the modernized walls, Mr. Street returns to the subject of the resemblance of the style of the church to that of Westminster Abbey. One beautiful feature of Stone Church is its internal wall arcading with spandrels of exquisitely carved foliage. The author expresses his belief that these sculptures are the work of one man, who seems to have been, if not the best of the Westminster carvers, at any rate equal to the best. He gives engravings of three of them, and describes them "as executed with a delicacy of hand, a fineness of eye, a nervous sensibility so soft, that no perfunctory imitation can ever be in the least degree likely to rival its beauty." Those who have studied Pointed architecture, and who know how uniform each style was within its proper period, may perhaps be sceptical as to Mr. Street's discovery of a special resemblance between Westminster Abbey and Stone Church. But that gentleman has already shown very convincingly that a group of churches in West Kent and East Surrey, and again some churches in Cornwall, are the work of the same architect. The present case is the strongest of all, and may be taken as almost a demonstration. The points of resemblance are recapitulated at the close of the Essay. They are as follows:—the identity of the details of the wall-arcades, and of the window-tracery; the similarity of the sculptured foliage, in the bosses and spandrels; the use of the same materials—Caen and Gattin stone for wrought work, chalk for walling and groining, and marble for shafts; and, finally, the fact that the two buildings, however different in scale and grandeur, are designed on the same general system of proportion. This last point introduces a very curious subject of inquiry, upon which we should have been glad if Mr. Street had entered more fully. We commend this paper to the consideration of all who are interested in the architecture of our ancient churches. Mr. Street's hypothesis opens a new field of investigation, in which we hope he will have many followers. His paper is beautifully illustrated, as might be expected from the pencil of perhaps the most accomplished architectural draughtsman of the day. In particular, we may notice the perspective view of the exterior in the frontispiece, in which the chancel, so much higher than the nave, owing to its vaulted roof, looks much more like a foreign than an English church. Mr. Street has deserved the good fortune of having this interesting church restored, inasmuch as he is one of the few living English architects who have attempted stone groining in their new churches. Without a stone roof, it is not too much to say, Gothic architecture never attains its perfection.

OLIVER'S HISTORY OF EXETER.*

ANY production of Dr. Oliver's is entitled to respect as proceeding from a man who was one of the most respectable at once of the old school of antiquaries and of the old school of Roman Catholic clergy. The present volume is entitled to farther tenderness, as being a posthumous work, which had clearly not received the author's last corrections. A few repetitions here and there, and one or two trifling inaccuracies of expression, would doubtless have been corrected if Dr. Oliver had lived to look over his own proof-sheets. But there is very little to complain of in this way, as the editor, Mr. Edward Smirke, has discharged his duties very faithfully and carefully. Dr. Oliver was a man of undoubted learning, and he had made the antiquities of the City and Diocese of Exeter the main study of his life. Yet somehow, as his editor seems to allow, Dr. Oliver's History of the City of Exeter is not exactly what the history of an ancient and famous English city ought to be. It sounds an odd fault to find, but it is not local enough. The book is not so much a history of Exeter as a history of those passages in English history in which Exeter played any special part, and of some with which Exeter had no more to do than other places. Dr. Oliver really gives us no account at all of the real internal history of Exeter as a city. We had hoped from the title that he would have given us as vivid a picture of mediæval Exeter as Mr. Riley has given us of mediæval London. The local history of a town is always curious, and, with a moderate degree of skill, it may always be made interesting. The whole history of these municipalities, the changes in their constitution, the curiosities of their local legislation, the way in which they influenced the world beyond their walls and were influenced by it, are really very important parts of national and even of general history. In most European countries, the history of the municipalities is simply the history of the national freedom. It was indeed less so in England than anywhere else. Highly important as was the municipal element in our constitution, it was less important than elsewhere. But this was because in England freedom was not confined within walls, but was spread over the whole land—because the royal authority, oppressive as it often was, was incomparably less oppressive than in other countries. An English city looks undignified in history beside an

* *The History of the City of Exeter.* By the Rev. George Oliver, D.D., with a short Memoir of the Author, &c. Exeter: William Roberts. London: Longman and Co.

Italian, a German, a Flemish, or a Spanish city; but that is simply because of the superior well-being of the whole country. An English town had no temptation to set up as an independent commonwealth; still less had it the means to establish its sovereignty over the surrounding district. Still, the history even of English municipalities is highly important. The towns, if not everything, as they were in some lands, were still a great deal. They were but one element among several, but they were a highly valuable element. The burghers of England played their part as well and as bravely as the barons, the knights, and the yeomen. And when their representatives sat in the national council side by side with those knights of the shire who elsewhere would have looked down upon them with the noble's contempt for the *roturier*, the cities of England really held a higher place than if they had pretended to a stormy and precarious independence of the national government.

The history of our cities, too, is instructive in another way. No part of history, not that of colleges, or chapters, or monasteries, shows more clearly how institutions outlive their usefulness—how a rule which in one age served a most valuable purpose may in another age come to defeat the very purpose for which it was originally ordained. The modern changes in municipal constitutions possibly went too far in abolishing the picturesque variety of the old governments, and in reconstructing every corporation after exactly the same pattern. It may be answered that the municipal antiquary has found enough left him in one corporation which was spared because it was too great for legislation, and in several which were spared because they were too small for it. But, revolutionary as municipal reform seemed to conservative minds, there can be no doubt that it was thoroughly a return to the original spirit of the institution. The burgesses who first paid for a charter, and the King who sold it to them—these undignified words are really those which best express the true nature of the proceeding—certainly did not look forward to a day when the Corporation, which was meant to be the incorporated body of citizens, came, in many places, to be looked on by the mass of the citizens as something alien and almost hostile. Such a result was as little dreamed of by its founders as the “masters and scholars” of a mediæval University dreamed of a Hebdomadal Board. It was as little dreamed of as a Bishop who founded a Chapter of fifty Canons dreamed that three or four of their number would come to usurp all the rights of their brethren and a large share of his own. The tendencies of oligarchies to grow up everywhere, and the wonderful way in which men come to find elaborate reasons for simple abuses which have arisen gradually and imperceptibly, are never more fully illustrated than in the history of municipal corporations.

The internal history of Exeter might be expected to give some good illustrations of all these points. Exeter is one of those cities which are now positively far larger and more flourishing than they ever were, but which have lost their relative position through the still faster growth of younger rivals. In days when ships were smaller than they are now, Exeter was a great port. It was also the local capital of a large district. As the chief town of a very large county, and one at a great distance from London, it has always been something more than a common country town. When access to London was a rare and difficult business, Exeter was truly the capital of the West. It still remains what some people would call a “genteel” city; that is, it has, though not a watering-place, a large population of the same type as that which commonly frequents watering-places. It has a Cathedral, of some beauty and much singularity, and it has, therefore, centering round it all that sort of ecclesiastical history which commonly surrounds the chief seat of a Bishopric. But, owing to its greater size and secular consequence, Exeter, like Bristol and Norwich, has not at all the same air as the more purely ecclesiastical towns. In one respect, it is eminently unlike Bristol and Norwich. Its parish churches are among the poorest in all England.

Here, then, is plenty of material for a thoroughly interesting local history. But Dr. Oliver has really said nothing about it. We have notices of the events in general history in which Exeter took a part. We have an account of the castle and its chapel, of the parish churches, and of various institutions, old and new, in the city, together with a list of mayors and other municipal dignitaries. But of strictly municipal history there is absolutely none. The Editor allows that Dr. Oliver, who had raked together every possible document belonging to the ecclesiastical history of the city and diocese, had been far from giving the same attention to the municipal archives. The ecclesiastical history he has given in other works, but surely we might have looked here for the civic history. But anyhow it is not to be found. One would like to have gone back to the beginning. It is certain that Exeter was once a city divided between a mixed population of Welsh and English. According to Sir Francis Palgrave, Exeter was once something very like an independent commonwealth, recognising only the vaguest external supremacy in the West-Saxon kings. And undoubtedly the way in which its citizens attempted to make terms with William the Conqueror was far more like an Italian city parleying with the Emperor than like a town which was accustomed to the direct sway of a monarch. But to all these things Dr. Oliver makes nothing more than a mere passing allusion.

We have said that Dr. Oliver was a Roman Catholic Priest of the old school. And very different indeed that school was from the new one. There cannot be a more striking contrast than that between steady-going Roman Catholics, like Dr. Lingard and Dr.

Oliver, and the zealous converts of our own generation. Of course the difference between converts and old believers is at the bottom of it. Dr. Lingard and Dr. Oliver were doubtless as sincere and earnest in their faith as the last neophyte who has gone over; but they did not feel themselves bound in the same sort to blaze it abroad to the whole world. They never concealed their convictions, but a faith about which they had never doubted did not seem to stand in need of constant controversial assertions or of the grotesque garb of an affected and offensive phraseology. It is easy, in reading Dr. Oliver's book, to see that he was an earnest Roman Catholic. As such, he believes some things in the early part of the history which a Protestant hardly would believe; and as such, he brings prominently forward the wrongs of the English Catholics under Elizabeth and her successors. But, if earnest, he is also moderate. Either these old-fashioned Catholics were really more moderate in their sentiments, or they studied a highly politic moderation of speech. Some converts, on becoming Roman Catholics, seem to cease to be Englishmen. Dr. Oliver, who believed in the Pope all his days, never so believed in him as to be other than as sound an Englishman as any one who has pronounced the Pope and his works to be impious, heretical, and damnable. Orrather Dr. Oliver would himself have turned round and denounced the “damnable doctrine and position” as heartily as Mr. Whalley could do. In all matters of dispute between Rome and England, Dr. Oliver writes as an Englishman. Throughout, he speaks as the friend of universal toleration; he blames persecution by whatever side it is employed; he calls Protestants, and even Dissenters, by the name of Christian brethren. He hates a Puritan, but it is with the hatred of a Royalist rather than that of a Catholic. In fact, in speaking of the civil strife of the seventeenth century, he uses far stronger language than in speaking of any matter in which his own religion was more immediately concerned.

Altogether, this is a book which makes us feel a very high esteem for its author, but it certainly is, as even its Editor allows, very far from being a complete history of the City of Exeter.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE first two volumes of M. Victor Hugo's new romance have appeared, and have obtained that success which the author's well-known genius was sure to secure for them. *Fantine* is now the subject of every conversation, and the virtues of Monseigneur Myriel have cast into the shade M. Fould's budget. *Les Misérables* is essentially a controversial novel. M. Hugo's avowed purpose has been to represent the defects of modern society, and to show that those who have once fallen are doomed to sink for ever. The French proverb says “à tout péché miséricorde.” It is no such thing, answers our philanthropist; and in illustration of his theory he publishes a tale upon all the enactments of the penal code. All the precautions of the police are denounced as contrived for the express motive of shutting penitent sinners out of the paths of virtue. M. Hugo is, however, so far from stating fairly the whole case, that, in order to substantiate his accusations, he is obliged to accumulate within the compass of his two volumes impossibilities of the most glaring character. The *Misérables* will not, we are afraid, add much to his reputation.

In our last monthly summary we spoke of M. Duvergier de Hauranne's *Histoire du Gouvernement Parlementaire*.† The fifth volume of this important work has recently been issued, and we have the greatest pleasure in recommending it to our readers. The events related by the historian are those connected with the sessions of 1819 and 1820—that is to say, the debates to which the law on the press gave rise, the murder of the Duc de Berri, and the unavoidable retreat of M. Decazes from the Ministry, the bill altering the form of the elections to the Chamber of Deputies, and the riots which took place in consequence. An epoch during which statesmen such as Benjamin Constant, Châteaubriand, Louis and Gouvion Saint Cyr were called to rule the destinies of their country, and orators like De Serre, Royer-Collard, and Maine de Biran appeared as public debaters, is one of which the friends of constitutional government may be justly proud. For a monarch like Louis XVIII., who was compelled at the same time to keep in check the infuriated ultra-Royalists, and to calm the angry suspicions of Bonapartists and Liberals, the position was beset with great difficulty, especially when we bear in mind that the foreign Powers, still acting under the influence of the recollections of 1815, and having preserved all their irritation against France, were watching closely the course of events, and openly holding themselves in readiness for another interposition if the principles of the revolutionary party were once more to triumph. M. Duvergier de Hauranne places before us in the clearest and most attractive manner a full summary of all the debates which marked that memorable period. His extracts from the speeches of the principal orators are numerous, and he has enjoyed the very great advantage of access to a variety of hitherto unpublished papers, as well as the *Memoirs* of M. Pasquier and of M. Decazes, the correspondence of the Duc de Richelieu, and of M. de Serre, &c., &c. The action of the periodical press is likewise carefully noticed, and a series of illustrative quotations from *La Minerve*, the *Journal des Débats*, the *Drapeau Blanc*, &c., serve to prove that the royalists of the old school were quite as fierce, and quite as unscrupulous, as Hébert or Marat.

* *Les Misérables*. Par Victor Hugo. Première partie. Bruxelles: Lacoin.

† *Histoire du Gouvernement Parlementaire*. Par M. Duvergier de Hauranne. Vol. 5. Paris: Michel Lévy.

M. Duvergier de Hauranne has, of course, many an opportunity in his work of introducing to us those famous *doctrinaires* who played so active a part under the government of the Restoration, and who managed, by the moderation of their views, to incur the hatred both of the Pavillon-Marsan and of the extreme Left. Amongst the younger adepts of that political school, we may reckon M. Ludovic Vitet, a member of the French Academy, and the author of a small volume entitled *Essais Historiques et Littéraires*.* M. Vitet's chief productions are not included in the duodecimo we are now considering, but he has done wisely in collecting together and reprinting a series of essays scattered throughout the pages of different periodicals, where it would be somewhat laborious to find them. M. Génin's edition of the *Chanson de Roland*, M. Guizot's *History of the English Revolution*, the works of M. d'Haussonville and of M. de Barante have suggested these papers, to which the author now adds his *discours de réception* before the French Academy, and three other speeches delivered in his capacity of member of that illustrious body. The liberal ideas of M. Vitet are evidently as strong as they were at the time when he belonged to the well-known society "*Aide-toi*," and they find a natural opportunity of manifesting themselves when the essayist reflects upon the despotism of the revolutionary assemblies, and the consequences it necessarily brings in its train. This is no doubt the reason why the author of the *Essais Historiques*, like all men of the same opinion, has been accused of pessimism by many writers belonging to the Bonapartist press. He looks at the modern institutions of France, they think, with unjustifiable distrust, and he praises systematically the past at the expense of the present. Thinkers of M. Vitet's stamp are peculiarly distasteful to such critics, because what they say wakens a corresponding echo in the breast of all generous men. It is far safer to publish abstruse treatises on metaphysics, and to discuss the connexion which exists between the soul and the body. Works of that description never attract much notice, and except a few confirmed *idéologues*, no one dreams of studying them.

M. Charles Lambert's *Système du Monde Moral*† is one of these books. It addresses itself only to the minority, and yet it deserves a mention here on account both of the theories which the author advocates and of the talent with which he explains them. Like many other philosophers, M. Charles Lambert is so struck by the method, the clearness, the irresistible certainty, which regulate the development of science, properly so called, that he believes the same method can be applied to the explanation of the phenomena of our moral nature. He derives his explanations of moral phenomena from those of geology and physiology, and, confounding two sets of ideas which have no connexion with one another, he starts from false premises to arrive at most erroneous conclusions. The greater part of the volume before us is taken up by disquisitions which, however ingenious and learned, throw very little light upon the mysteries of our moral nature; and it is amusing to see M. Lambert giving us, as something new, an improved copy of a system well known to those who have studied the works of the sensationalist philosophers of the last century. Since the breaking up of the Eclectic school founded by M. Cousin, the metaphysical movement amongst French philosophers is, we are sorry to say, almost universally in the direction which Helvetius, Destutt de Tracy, and Broussais had previously followed. M. Lambert belongs to the same school as M. Taine, but he is less superficial, less flippant than the *spirituel* author of the *Essai sur Tite-Live*.

American affairs still occupy our neighbours quite as much as they do ourselves, and the chances for or against the abolition of slavery are minutely discussed in a number of books or pamphlets published in extraordinary profusion. M. Auguste Carlier, whose work has lately reached us, has many qualifications for treating this momentous topic. During several years' residence in the United States he has been enabled to observe closely the conditions of political and domestic society, and he now submits to us the results of his investigations in the shape of a well-written and carefully digested volume entitled *De l'Esclavage dans ses Rapports avec l'Union Américaine*‡. He considers the separation of the Southern and Northern States imperatively called for, and maintains that the *status quo ante bellum* is altogether impossible. M. Carlier protests against the immediate suppression of slavery — this, he thinks, must be the work of time. In the meanwhile he contends that an active system of protection exercised jointly by France, England, and Russia would put an end to the cruelties from which the blacks so often have to suffer, and oblige the slaveholding States to modify considerably the penal enactments now in force amongst them.

The popular lectures annually delivered at the Sorbonne by M. Saint-Marc Girardin having been temporarily interrupted, the accomplished Professor of French Poetry employs his leisure time in revising some of his early literary productions and publishing new editions of them. The *Tableau de la Littérature Française* §, originally brought out in the year 1828, divided at that time with a similar work of M. Philartète Chasles the prize offered by the Académie Française. It is a mere sketch of the intellectual state of France during the sixteenth century, but treated with that brilliancy and

humour which are so characteristic of M. Saint-Marc Girardin. Preeminently true and plain-spoken as a moralist, the author of the *Tableau de la Littérature* has at the same time the talent of making his readers or hearers accept his severest strictures, because, with him, the moralist's dress is not merely an official costume, and what he says is the unvarnished expression of his real feelings. M. Nisard may be admired for his taste and his elegant writing; M. Sainte-Beuve's analytical accuracy may excite surprise; but M. Saint-Marc-Girardin commands respect, whilst he obtains our sympathy as a critic. To the present edition of his prize essay he has added several articles on the literature both of the middle ages and of the Renaissance period, articles published originally in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. The epilogue which concludes the volume is a bill of indictment against the intellectual movement of modern France for having sought a renovating principle, after the death of Louis XIV., not in the pure regions of Christian faith or spiritualist philosophy, but amongst the drunken *habitudes* of the *Société du Temple*. Our readers need not be told that M. Saint-Marc Girardin is a politician as well as a literary critic. The Russian question engaged his attention some years ago, and now he is busy studying the difficult problem of the existence of the Turkish Empire.*

The volume we are now considering is divided into two parts — the former embracing a summary of the English blue books on the Syrian massacre of 1860, and the subsequent French expedition; the latter giving extracts from the reports sent to Sir H. Bulwer by the English Consuls on the condition of the Christian populations in Asia. M. Saint-Marc Girardin has thus taken for his guidance exclusively documents of British origin, and in doing so his purpose has been to prove that our Government, which is the staunch patron of Turkey, often supplies most telling evidence against the *effete* system it professes to uphold. The various chapters of *La Syrie en 1861* have already appeared, it is as well to say, in the pages of the *Revue des deux Mondes*.

From another periodical — name unknown — have likewise been gathered Count Clément de Ris' *Essays on Art and on Literature*.† They extend over a rather wide range, for Duclos appears almost side by side with M. George Sand, and Madame du Defland is separated from Madame Récamier only by one chapter. In a work of this description it is useless to seek for any unity except that which is represented by the somewhat comprehensive word *imagination*. We may further remark that M. Clément de Ris severely criticizes the romantic movement which took place in France between the years 1820 and 1836 — MM. Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Auguste Barbier, and George Sand being almost the only writers belonging to that period whom he admires as possessing real originality and genius. The particular essay in which he discusses the merits of the author of *Consuelo* is an excellent piece of criticism. He has classified with the greatest correctness the numerous productions of M. George Sand, assigning the lowest rank to *Valentine*, *Lélia*, *Indiana*, and the other polemical novels of the same epoch — placing, next, the pastoral tales, such as *Le Mari au Diable* — and giving the preference to *Mauprat* and the *Lettres d'un Voyageur*.

It happens frequently, when the claims of two opposite principles or theories require to be settled, that the one is sacrificed to the other, and the difficulty is thus summarily disposed of. Metaphysicians who pride themselves on an intimate acquaintance with the mysteries of our nature, and on their superiority to everything in the shape of prejudice, are perhaps more open to this charge than any other class of individuals, and the perusal of M. Lemoine's new volume ‡ is a conclusive evidence against them. It embraces seven essays on important topics of psychological speculation, all relating to the connexion which exists between the soul and the body. There is, M. Lemoine remarks, a class of facts which are beyond the appreciation of naturalists and physicians, whilst, at the same time, we find, in studying ourselves, a series of phenomena which metaphysicians are not qualified to deal with. The concurrent manifestations of these facts constitute the life of man, and should be impartially studied by thinkers of unbiased opinions and only anxious to arrive at the truth. The real science of man, if attainable, would be derived from a fair adjustment of the claims of psychology and of physiology, and the imperative necessity of such a science is admirably proved by M. Lemoine. The chapter on Broussais may be particularly quoted as illustrating the extremities to which prejudice will often lead those who have the greatest reputation for accuracy and clear-sightedness.

During the last few years the classical French authors of the seventeenth century have frequently been made the theme of grammatical studies. The text of their works, carefully revised from the most authentic editions, is now finally settled, and special dictionaries or indices, illustrating the variations of the French language, allow us to compare the idiom of Bossuet, Molière, or Pascal with that of subsequent writers. M. Frédéric Godefroy has undertaken to examine, from the same point of view, the numerous productions of Pierre Corneille; and his *Lexique Comparé* §, which carried off lately one of the prizes given by the Académie Française, is, in its kind, a work of very considerable merit. Several of the articles are real disquisitions on important

* *Essais Historiques et Littéraires*. Par M. Ludovic Vitet. Paris: Michel Lévy.

† *Système du Monde Moral*. Par Charles Lambert. Paris: Michel Lévy.

‡ *De l'Esclavage dans ses Rapports avec l'Union Américaine*. Par M. A. Carlier. Paris: Michel Lévy.

§ *Tableau de la Littérature Française au 16e Siècle*. Par M. Saint-Marc Girardin. Paris: Didier.

* *La Syrie en 1861*. Par M. Saint-Marc Girardin. Paris: Didier.

† *Critiques d'Art et de Littérature*. Par le Comte Clément de Ris. Paris: Didier.

‡ *L'Âme et le Corps*. Par Albert Lemoine. Paris: Didier.

§ *Lexique Comparé de la Langue de Corneille*. Par Frédéric Godefroy. Paris: Didier.

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The Directors of this Company beg to announce that they have adopted a new System of Rates for the East and West Indies, considerably lower than those now charged by this or any other Company, but differing from the old system in respect that no mutation takes place on the insured returning to Europe or proceeding to any other part of the world not chargeable with an extra premium.

According to this method, the insured, instead of being subjected to a heavy extra premium during the years of his residence in the Tropics, has the option of throwing the same over the whole currency of his insurance, by paying a fixed rate which, it will be seen, is very little higher than the home one.

The following are Specimens of the New Rates:—

EAST INDIES AND CHINA.

Annual Premium for the Insurance of £100 (payable during the entire currency of the Policy).

Age.	Without Profit.	With Profit.	Age.	Without Profit.	With Profit.
18	£ 3 3	£ 3 9	23	£ 3 7	£ 3 9 11
21	£ 3 5 11	£ 3 11 11	26	£ 3 7 9	£ 3 10 6
24	£ 3 9 3	£ 3 15 6	29	£ 3 14 5	£ 3 11 11
27	£ 3 12 11	£ 3 19 9	32	£ 4 1 11	£ 4 19 5
30	£ 3 17 2	£ 3 24 6	35	£ 4 10 3	£ 5 1 10

No extra charge for voyages.

TABLE II.

WEST INDIES.—ACCLIMATED LIVES.

Annual Premium for the Insurance of £100 (payable during the entire currency of the Policy).

Age.	Without Profit.	With Profit.	Age.	Without Profit.	With Profit.
18	£ 3 3	£ 3 9	23	£ 3 7	£ 3 9 11
21	£ 3 5 11	£ 3 11 11	26	£ 3 7 9	£ 3 10 6
24	£ 3 9 3	£ 3 15 6	29	£ 3 14 5	£ 3 11 11
27	£ 3 12 11	£ 3 19 9	32	£ 4 1 11	£ 4 19 5
30	£ 3 17 2	£ 3 24 6	35	£ 4 10 3	£ 5 1 10

The West Indian Rates include permission to reside in any part of the world—the West Coast of Africa excepted.

No extra charge for voyages.

Prospectuses and full Tables of Rates will be furnished on application.

By order of the Board, A. P. FLETCHER, Secretary.

HAND-IN-HAND INSURANCE OFFICE.

No. 1 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.—Established 1860.

DIRECTORS.

The Hon. William Ashley, T. Fuller Maitland, Esq.
T. Palmer Chapman, Esq. William Scott, Esq.
Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. Sir Ed. Cust. John Sperling, Esq.
John Lettison Elliot, Esq. Thomas Turner, Esq.
James Edsall, Esq. Henry Wilson, Esq.
John Guinness Hoare, Esq. W. Edsall Winter, Esq.

ACTUARY—Col. the Hon. F. Curt. James Edsall, Esq., Gordon E. Surtees, Esq.

MANAGER—Messrs. Goulings & Sharpe, 19 Fleet Street.

STANDING COUNSEL—The Hon. A. J. Ashley, 33 Lincoln's Inn Fields.

SECRETARIES—Messrs. Nicholl, Barnett, & Newman, in Carey Street.

ACTUARY—James M. Terry, Esq., SECRETARY—Richard Bay, Esq.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

This office offers a low scale of premiums to non-members without participation in profits, or a member's scale of premiums with an annual participation in the whole of the profits after five annual payments.

For the last 13 years participation in profits has yielded an annual statement of 22 per cent. on the premiums of all policies of five years standing.

The effect of the statement is thus shown:—

Age when Insured.	Sum Insured.	Annual Premium for first five years.	Reduced Annual Premium.
20	£1,000	£21 15 10	£10 7 2
30	2,000	£33 5 4	£15 7 2
40	3,000	£41 17 6	£18 8 0
50	5,000	£52 15 0	£18 13 4

If instead of taking the benefit of a reduced payment, a member chooses to employ the amount of the statement in a further insurance, he may, without increasing his outlay, take out an additional policy at the end of the first five years, on an average, more than 45 per cent. on the sum originally insured, and at the end of the second five years of above 20 per cent. with further additions afterwards.

The following Table presents Examples of the Amounts to be thus obtained at the existing rate of profits:—

Age when Insured.	Original Amount of Policy.	Amount, with additions, by re-assuring at end of first five years.	Amount, with additions, by re-assuring at end of second five years.
20	£1,000	£1,475	£1,700
30	2,000	£2,875	£3,275
40	3,000	£4,275	£4,950
50	5,000	£7,175	£8,925

As a third alternative a member may have the amount of the statement converted year by year into a proportionate bonus payable at death.

Insurances effected before the 31st June next will participate in profits in the year 1867.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

By Order of the Board, RICHARD BAY, Secretary.

IMPERIAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

No. 1 OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON, E.C.—INSTITUTED 1860.

DIRECTORS.

JAMES GORDON MURDOCH, Esq., Chairman.
HENRY DAVIDSON, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.
George Henry Cutler, Esq.
George Field, Esq.
George Hilbert, Esq.
Edward H. Chapman, Esq.
George Wm. Cottam, Esq.
Thos. Newman Hunt, Esq.

PROFITS.—Four-fifths, or 80 per cent., of the Profits are assigned to Policies every fifth year. The insured are entitled to participate after payment of one premium.

BONUS.—The Decennial Additions made to Policies issued before the 4th of January, 1862, vary from 47s to 41s 10d, per cent. on the sum insured, according to their respective dates. The Quinquennial Additions made to Policies issued after the 4th of January, 1862, vary in like manner from 42s 10d to 41s 10d, per cent. on the sum insured.

PURCHASE OF POLICIES.—A Liberal Allowance is made on the Surrender of a Policy, either by a cash payment or the issue of a policy free of premium.

LOANS.—The Directors will lend sums of £50 and upwards on the security of policies effected with this Company for the whole term of life, when they have assigned an adequate value.

Insurances without Participation in Profits may be effected at reduced rates. Prospectuses and further information may be had at the Chief Office, as above; or at the Branch Office, 16 Pall Mall, or of the Agents in Town and Country.

SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, FLEET STREET, LONDON. Established 1862.

The Invested Assets of this Society exceed FIVE MILLIONS STERLING; its Annual Income is FOUR HUNDRED AND NINETY-FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS.

Up to the 31st December, 1861, the Society had paid in Claims upon death:

Sums assured £1,329,278

Bonus thereon £115,258

Together £1,444,536

The Profits are divided every fifth year. All participating policies effected during the present year will, if so far beyond 31st December, 1861, share in the Profits to be divided up to that date.

At the Divisions of Profits hitherto made, Reversionary Bonuses exceeding THREE AND A HALF MILLIONS have been added to the several Policies.

Prospectuses, Forms of Proposal, and Statements of Accounts, may be had on application to the Actuary, at the Office, Fleet Street, London.

WILLIAM SAMUEL DOWNS, Actuary.

February, 1862.

PELICAN LIFE INSURANCE OFFICE.

ESTABLISHED IN 1797.

No. 70, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.; and 27, CHANCERY CROSS, S.W.

DIRECTORS.

Olearius E. Coops, Esq.
William Cotton, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S.
John Davis, Esq.
James A. Gordon, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.
Edward Hawkins, Junr., Esq.
Kirkman D. Hodgson, Esq., M.P.

Henry Lancelot Holland, Esq.
William James Lancaster, Esq.
John Lubbock, Esq., F.R.S.
Benjamin Shaw, Esq.
Matthew Whiting, Esq.
Marmaduke Wyvill, Junr., Esq., M.P.

Robert Tucker, Secretary and Actuary.

EXAMPLES of the amount of Bonus awarded at the recent division of Profits to Policies of £1000 each, effected for the whole term of life at the undermentioned ages:—

Age when Assured.	Duration of Policy.	Bonus in Cash.	Bonus in Reversion.
20	7 years.	£ 6 6	£ 6 6
	14 years.	£ 12 0	£ 12 0
	21 years.	£ 18 0	£ 18 0
40	7 years.	£ 12 6	£ 12 6
	14 years.	£ 25 0	£ 25 0
	21 years.	£ 37 6	£ 37 6
60	7 years.	£ 18 0	£ 18 0
	14 years.	£ 36 0	£ 36 0
	21 years.	£ 54 0	£ 54 0

For Prospectuses, Forms of Proposal, &c., apply at the Offices as above, or to any of the Company's Agents.

EQUITABLE ASSURANCE OFFICE.

NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS.—ESTABLISHED 1761.

DIRECTORS.

William F. Pollock, Esq., V.P.
William Deane Adams, Esq.
John Charles Burgoyne, Esq.
Lord O. H. Cavendish, M.P.
Frederick Cowper, Esq.
Philip Hardwick, Esq.
Richard Gosling, Esq.

Peter Martineau, Esq.
John Aldin Moore, Esq.
Charles Felt, Esq.
Rev. John Russell, D.D.
James Spicer, Esq.
J. Charles Tompler, Esq.

The Equitable is an entirely mutual office, and has now been established for a century. The reserve, at the last "rest," in December, 1860, exceeded three-fourths of a million sterling, a sum more than double the corresponding fund of any similar institution.

The bonuses paid on claims, in the 10 years ending on the 31st December, 1860, exceeded £3,500,000, being more than 100 per cent. on the amount of all those claims.

The Capital on the 31st December, 1861, consisted of—

£2,280,000 in the 3 per Cents.
£1,058,000 Cash on Mortgage.
£30,000 Cash advanced on Debentures.
£122,400 Cash advanced on security of Policies.

The Annual Income exceeds £100,000.

Policies effected in the current year 1862 will be entitled to additions on payment of the Annual Premium due in 1863; and in the order to be made for Retrospective Additions in 1870, be entitled to the benefit of such order ratably with every other Policy then existing—in respect of the Annual Premiums paid thereon in the years 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, or on seven payments; and in 1880 a further Retrospective addition will be rated on seventeen Annual Payments, and so on.

On the surrender of policies the full value is paid, without any deduction; or the Directors will advance nine-tenths of such surrender value as a temporary accommodation on the deposit of the policy.

No extra premium is charged for services in any Volunteer Corps within the United Kingdom, during peace or war.

A weekly Court of Directors is held every Wednesday, from Eleven to One o'clock, to receive proposals for new assurances; and a short account of the Society may be had on application, personally or by post, from the office, where attendance is given daily, from Ten to Four o'clock.

ARTHUR MORGAN, Actuary.

THE BANTRY BAY SLATE AND SLAB COMPANY (Limited).

(Limited). Capital £15,000, in 3000 shares of £5 each. Deposit, £1 on application, and £1 upon allotment. Registered under the Limited Liability Act.

Directors.

Johna Finner, Esq., 1 Cecil Street, Strand.
Henry Jordan, Esq., 7 Albemarle Street, Piccadilly.
Edward Frederick Leach, Esq., 2 Walbrook, E.C.
Major-General Mason, Beaumont.
Hon. Francis Henry Needham, 121 Pall Mall.
Messrs. Bank of London, Threadneedle Street.
Messrs. To be elected by the Shareholders.

Full prospectuses, with forms of applications for shares, and Reports on the quarry, with an estimate of expenditure and income, can be had from the brokers or Secretary.

Applications for shares can be sent to the bankers, or, if more convenient, to the brokers, or Secretary, at the Office, 4 Lothbury, where specimens of slates and slabs can be seen, and all other information obtained.

Notices is hereby given that a large number of applications for Shares in this Company having been already sent in, the Directors will meet to consider them and make the necessary allotments on Monday, May 17th.

By order, E. HAINBY, Secretary.

BANTRY BAY SLATE and SLAB COMPANY (Limited).

Notice is hereby given, that all applications for Shares in this Company must be sent to the Bankers, Brokers, or Secretary, at the Company's Office, 4 Lothbury, London, on or before Saturday, 16th May.

By order, E. HAINBY, Secretary.

GREAT INDIAN PENINSULA RAILWAY COMPANY.

At the TWENTY-FIFTH HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING of Proprietors, held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, London, on Friday, the 25th day of April, 1862.

J. G. FRITH, Esq., Deputy-Chairman of the Company, in the chair.

The advertisement convening the Meeting was read, the Company's seal was affixed to the register of proposals, the Directors' report having been taken as read.

It was moved by the Chairman, seconded by W. Nicol, Esq., M.P., and resolved:

That the report of the Directors, together with the accounts now submitted, be received and adopted.

It was moved by James Rolla, Esq., seconded by James Cornwell, Esq., and resolved:

That Mr. W. J. Hamilton, and Mr. W. Nicol, M.P., of London, and Mr. J. F. Blackerlock, and Mr. J. G. Smith, of Bombay, be and are hereby re-elected Directors of this Company.

It was moved by George Marten, Esq., seconded by George Stone, Esq., and resolved:

That Mr. G. Smith, of Great Tower Street, City, be and is hereby elected an auditor of this Company, in place of Mr. Franklin, who retires.

J. G. FRITH, Chairman.

It was moved by Henry Roberts, Esq., seconded by Charles Parker, Esq., and resolved:

That the best thanks of the Meeting are due, and are hereby tendered to the Chairman and Directors for their attention to the interests of the Company.

THOS. R. WATT, Secretary.

THE LIBRARY COMPANY (Limited).—The Directors beg to announce that the business of this Company will commence on Monday, May 12th.

30 St. James's Square, S.W.

FRANK FOWLER, Secretary.

THE LIBRARY COMPANY (Limited).—The Directors are now completing their arrangements for the appointment of Booksellers, Stationers, and others with a view to the opening of Town and Country agencies. Terms, Rules, and all other information may be obtained on application to the Secretary.

30 St. James's Square, S.W.

FRANK FOWLER, Secretary.

THE LIBRARY COMPANY (Limited).—Terms of Subscription may be obtained on application to the Secretary.

30 St. James's Square, S.W.

FRANK FOWLER, Secretary.

OSLER'S GLASS CHANDELIERS.

Wall Lights and Mantelpiece Lustres, for Gas and Candles. Glass Dinner Services, for Twelve Persons, from 47 12s. Glass Desert Services, for Twelve Persons, from 47 12s. Articles marked in Plain Figures.

Ornamental Glass, English and Foreign, suitable for Presents. New, Export, and Furnishing orders promptly executed.

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A small useful set, guaranteed of first quality for finish and durability as follows:—

	Fiddle or Old Silver Pattern.	Thread or Brunswick Pattern.	Lily Pattern.	King's or Military, &c.
12 Table Forks.....	£ s. d. 1 13 0	£ s. d. 2 4 0	£ s. d. 2 10 0	£ s. d. 2 15 0
12 Table Spoons.....	1 13 0	2 4 0	2 10 0	2 15 0
12 Dessert Forks.....	1 4 0	1 12 0	1 15 0	1 17 0
12 Dessert Spoons.....	1 4 0	1 12 0	1 15 0	1 17 0
12 Tea Spoons.....	1 6 0	1 2 0	1 5 0	1 7 0
6 Egg Spoons, g. h. l.	0 10 0	0 12 6	0 15 0	0 15 0
2 Sauce Ladles.....	0 6 0	0 10 0	0 9 0	0 9 6
1 Gravy Spoon.....	0 6 6	0 8 0	0 11 0	0 12 0
2 Salt Spoons, g. h. l.	0 3 4	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 0
1 Mustard Spoon, g. h. l.	0 1 8	0 2 3	0 2 6	0 2 6
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs.....	0 2 0	0 3 6	0 4 0	0 4 6
1 Pair of Fish Carvers.....	1 4 0	1 7 6	1 10 0	1 13 0
1 Butter Knife.....	0 2 6	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle.....	0 10 0	0 17 0	0 17 0	0 18 0
Sugar Sifter.....	0 3 3	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 6
Total.....	9 10 9	13 10 3	14 19 6	16 4 0

Any article to be had singly at the same prices. An oak chest to contain the above, and a relative number of knives, &c., 21 15s. Tea and Coffee Sets, Dish Covers and Corner Dishes, Crack and Liqueur Frames, &c., at proportionate prices. All kinds of re-plating done by the patent process.

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IVORY HANDLES.	Table Knives Per Dozen.	Dessert Knives Per Dozen.	Carvers per Pair.
3½-inch Ivory Handles.....	£ s. d. 12 6	£ s. d. 10 6	£ s. d. 4 3
3-inch Fine Ivory Handles.....	15 0	11 6	4 3
4-inch Ivory Balance Handles.....	18 0	14 0	4 6
4-inch Fine Ivory Handles.....	24 0	17 0	7 3
6-inch Finest African Ivory Handles.....	32 0	26 0	11 0
Doitto with Silver Ferules.....	40 0	33 0	12 6
Doitto, Carved Handles, Silver Ferules.....	50 0	43 0	17 6
Nickel Electro-Silver Handles, any pattern.....	25 0	19 0	7 6
Silver Handles, of any Pattern.....	24 0	24 0	21 0
BONE AND HORN HANDLES.—KNIVES AND FORKS PER DOZEN.			
White Bone Handles.....	11 0	8 6	2 6
Doitto Balance Handles.....	21 0	17 0	4 6
Black Horn Banded Handles.....	21 0	17 0	3 0
Doitto Very Strong Riveted Handles.....	17 0	14 0	4 0

The largest stock in existence of plated dessert knives and forks, in cases and otherwise, and of the new plated fish carvers.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY CATALOGUE may be had gratis, and free by post. It contains upwards of 500 Illustrations of his limited Stock of **Sterling Silver and Electro Plate**, **Nickel Silver**, and **Britannia Metal Goods**, **Dish Covers**, **Hot Water Dish Stoves**, **Fenders**, **Marble Chimney-pieces**, **Kitchen Ranges**, **Lamps**, **Gasaliers**, **Tea Trays**, **Urns**, and **Kettles**, **Clocks**, **Table Cutlery**, **Baths**, **Toilet Ware**, **Turnery**, **Iron and Brass Bedsteads**, **Bedding**, **Bed-room Cabinet Furniture**, &c., with Lists of Prices, and Plans of the Twenty large Show Rooms, at 30 Oxford Street W.; 1, 1a, 2, 3, and 4 Newman Street; 4, 5, and 6 Fenny Place; and 1 Newman's Meads, London.

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The "SOMMIER ELASTIQUE PORTATIF" is made in Three separate parts, and when joined together has all the elasticity of the best Spring Mattress. As it has no stuffing of wool or horse-hair, it cannot harbour moth, to which the usual Spring Mattress is very liable; the price, also, are much below those of the best spring mattresses, viz.:—

3 ft. wide by 6 ft. 4 in. long.....£2 5 0
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4 ft. 6 in. wide by 8 ft. 6 in. long.....£4 0 0

The "SOMMIER ELASTIQUE PORTATIF," therefore, combines the advantages of elasticity, durability, cleanliness, portability, and cheapness.

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SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

Sir HENRY MARSH, Bart., M.D., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland. "I consider Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil to be a very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value."

Dr. GRANVILLE, F.R.S., Author of "The Spas of Germany."

"Dr. Granville has found that Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil produces the desired effect in a shorter time than other kinds, and that it does not cause the nausea and indigestion too often consequent on the administration of the Pale Oil."

Dr. LAWRENCE, Physician to H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

"I invariably prescribe Dr. de Jongh's Cod Liver Oil in preference to any other, feeling assured that I am recommending a genuine article, and not a manufactured compound, in which the efficacy of this invaluable medicine is destroyed."

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